

# COUNTRY LIFE

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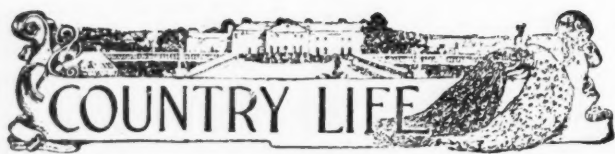
[PRICE SIXPENCE  
BY POST, 6½d.]



MISS ALICE HUGHES.

LADY LOCH AND HER DAUGHTER.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE COST OF OWNING AN ESTATE.

IN the course of the controversies that have been raised about land, or rather resuscitated from the past, one of the most important has raged round the supposition that land is a luxury, and that it invariably yields a princely income to the man who owns it. It will be observed that assertions such as these most usually emanate from the mouths of those who speak from very little experience. Those who have the fortune to own land know that the reality is very different from the imaginary picture. Of course, this has been frequently enough said, but proof is quite a different matter. However, to-day we intend to lay before our readers the actual figures relating to the expenditure on an English estate, an estate that we cannot particularly describe further than by saying it belongs to a member of the House of Lords. As a rule, we try to avoid giving lists and tables in this page, but for once we must make an exception, as it will save time to give simply the figures in a bald tabular statement. Two things need to be stated in preface, otherwise the reader may be misled. One is that the estate is emphatically an estate of small holdings. This means that there are very many dwelling-houses and other buildings to keep in repair, so that the reader need not be surprised at such a large figure as £3,000 being set down for materials, repairs, etc. We can assure all who are in doubt on the subject that the figures here given are in no sense guesses or estimates, but have been carefully compiled as the average of seven years' actual outlay. Further, it should be said that the owner has the attribute of insisting on upkeep of the whole of his estate in the most thorough and efficient state of repair. People in cities who have experience only of town houses are not aware how much greater is the wear and tear in the country. But on the farm there are usually sturdy hobbledoys at work who are by no means careful of the furniture. The present Lord Grey once made the remark that if two gate-posts were 100yds. apart a farm labourer would, nevertheless, manage to drive his cart-wheel against one of them. Without taking this extreme view, it may be said in the most unexaggerated manner that two

or three boys of sixteen or seventeen, riding horses or driving carts and cattle in the neighbourhood of farm-buildings, will do more damage in a week than the children in a suburban house will do in the course of a year. Animals themselves are frequently the cause of repairs having to be done. If there are horses they will kick, and they are as ready to plant their feet in a partition as to land out into space. Cows and bulls will butt, and even sheep and pigs will very often do considerable damage to their surroundings. The little man who has to do his own repairs will naturally take the cheapest and readiest means to patch up a hole or mend a broken rail. But the owner of the estate we are considering, like many who belong to his class, is continually intent on having things done in a very thorough and perfect manner. Of course this leads to the growth of many bills. The expenditure on materials and repairs, large though it looks, is not unreasonable when all is taken into consideration. The following is a statement of the outgoings on this estate:

Estate rents ...	£9,500
Fixed charges ...	£1,700
Allowance and miscellaneous ...	100
Wages (estate) ...	1,300
Materials, repairs, etc. ...	3,000
Pensions and subscriptions ...	500
Agency ...	600
	£7,200
Hall, up-keep, etc. ...	500
Gardens (20 men) ...	1,200
Shooting ...	300
Establishment wages ...	850
	£10,050

These figures require very little comment. The owner of the estate gives employment to seventy-four men, excluding tenants and others who are making their own livelihood. The number we have given refers only to those who are claiming weekly wages. The total is made up as follows: House and stables, twenty-six; garden, twenty; keepers, three; agents, etc., three; labourers, twenty-two. Now, in regard to this it should be pointed out that if the number of men who are paid weekly wages be added to the number of tenant farmers, and others who are earning their own livelihood on the estate, the total would very considerably exceed the largest possible quantity of small owners among whom the estate could be divided. To complete the account it is necessary to give a statement of the outlay upon another property belonging to the same owner:

Estate rent ...	£5,400
Fixed charges ...	£1,800
Allowances and miscellaneous ...	7c
Pensions and subscriptions ...	250
Wages, repairs, etc. ...	2,000
Agency ...	200
	£4,320

The summary works out as follows: The two estates, yielding a rent respectively of £9,500 and £5,400, or a total of £14,900, require for their upkeep £10,050 and £4,320, making a total of £14,370. Nor does this exhaust the question, as we have still to take into account the death duties charged on succession and the interest to be paid on mortgages. When that is done, and no allowance whatever is made for the administrative work of the owner, it will be seen that the ownership of land, far from being so lucrative as the political extremist would have us believe, is a privilege that has to be heavily paid for; and, further, payment takes the shape of giving employment of a useful and healthy kind to a little army of people.

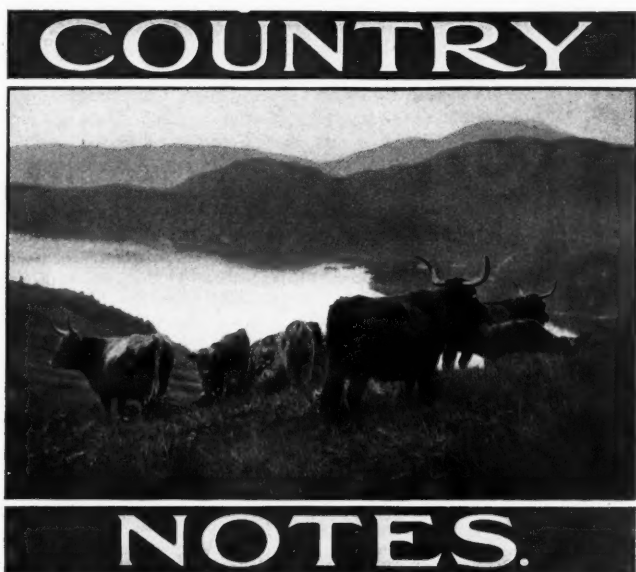
It will be noticed that sport, for which land is popularly supposed to be held, forms a very small item in the bill. We are afraid that the figures are not very likely to tempt capitalists to invest their money in land. Supposing that a rich man wished to acquire these properties, it would be necessary for him to pay a vast sum, probably getting on towards £500,000, certainly more than £250,000. He would acquire a large number of heavy responsibilities, financial and other, and, instead of having in his possession a property yielding an income, he would have to draw upon his personal funds in order to keep it in proper condition.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Loch and her little daughter. Lady Loch is the daughter of the Marquess of Northampton, and her marriage to Lord Loch took place in 1905.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

a.



WITH farmers the continuation of inclement weather is raising very serious considerations. Rain over a large area has completely spoiled the hay crop, and those farmers who depend on selling hay, and for whom, therefore, ensilage is not of much use, will suffer heavy pecuniary loss in the winter. Again, cereals cannot be expected to ripen when drenched every day with heavy rain and scarcely visited by a ray of sunshine. Moreover, blight and insects have been making themselves felt on many of the crops, and unless sunshine comes soon the loss will be irrecoverable. Even roots like potatoes are suffering severely, and the only crop that can be said to have benefited is the turnip, one which can scarcely have too much water. This distressing state of affairs can hardly be paralleled, unless we go back to the year 1879, which carries with it so terrible a memory to husbandmen. From it dates the Great Depression and all that it meant. May we hope that an equal misfortune is not looming in the years to follow 1907.

What makes this all the more vexing is that the prospects up to a short time ago were so exceedingly rosy. The air was full of rumours of scarcity in other parts of the world, and prices rose with a decision which has had no parallel in recent years. At that time the English crops were advancing beautifully, and it appeared certain that the agriculturists of this country would for once receive a fitting reward for their labours. These reasonable hopes were unfortunately dashed to the ground, and farmers are confronted with the certainty that their crops will be a failure. The consolation is that many of them have changed their method of farming, and, looking less to crops than to stock, have devoted their energy to the formation of flocks and herds, with what splendid results the magnificent exhibition of pedigree animals at Lincoln is enough to show. The condition of cattle and sheep can fortunately be sustained through the wettest summer, and in them now lie the hopes of the British farmer.

Fortunately public men of every shade of political opinion are able to join together in celebrating Dominion Day. The progress of Canada is something of which we are all extremely proud. Indeed, it is the part of the British Empire that is most closely bound up with ourselves, to which we send every year an increasing part of the population. It is absorbing the surplus population of Europe. In 1902 the number of emigrants was 67,000, but this was nearly trebled last year. In 1902 17,000 of the settlers were English, but in 1906, 86,000 people left Great Britain for Canada, and under the energy of its mixed population the great Dominion is developing activity equal to that of the Old Country itself. It is safe to say that in no other part of the world has such progress been made during the last forty or fifty years as has been accomplished in Canada. The Dominion has ever been loyal to the Mother Country, which, in its turn, is proud of the Empire's eldest daughter.

On July 1st the much-debated Workmen's Compensation Act came into force, and no doubt in a very short time we shall hear something of the litigation to which it is practically certain to give rise. Its apologists hold that after a few cases have come up for settlement, precedents will be created that will guide judges in the future discharge of their duties. That may be so, but in the meantime the Act is certainly doing more harm than good to everybody except the various insurance companies. One large employer of labour of our acquaintance has solved the difficulty by deducting a penny a week from the wages of his servants, this sum going to pay for their insurance. On the

other hand, many labourers have been dismissed altogether on account of the liability they involve. No doubt some of them will be hired daily as casual labourers, but their lot under the Act will certainly be harder than it was before.

The conference on infant mortality which was held early in the week did not seem to lead to any very definite result. Everybody knows that it is as much a question of mothers as of children, and whatever can be done to induce women to prepare for maternity will be of service to the nation. Sir Thomas Marlow uttered a very necessary warning against the many infant foods now on the market. He considered them to be a mischievous form of routine feeding for infants, and he said some of the worst offenders in advising mothers not to suckle their own children were nurses and doctors. Unfortunately for the effectiveness of the meeting, a shrill if not strong note of politics was sounded by a lady who has made herself conspicuous in the Suffragette agitation. This, to say the least, was not very helpful.

#### SUMMER IN TOWN.

Pitiless beats the sun on the pavement, arid, repellent,  
Ceaseless the roar of the traffic, and endless the rush of the throng—

Deep in my heart, mid the feverish strife and the discord,  
Echoes the lilt of a song.

*Oh to be home again*

*When the beanfields are in bloom*

*And the bees are busy humming in the clover,*

*And the lark sings o'er the wheat—*

*Oh there's no place half so sweet*

*Though you search all England over!*

Fettered my body by fate in this prison of man's creation,  
Barred from the wind of the down and the life-giving scent  
of the sea;

Free is my soul, and it hungers for home, and returning  
Dwells where my body would be.

*Oh to be home again*

*When the beanfields are in bloom*

*And the bees are busy humming in the clover,*

*And the lark sings o'er the wheat—*

*Oh there's no place half so sweet*

*Though you search all England over!*

C. DE M. RUDOLF.

At the meeting held in Devonshire Street on Monday the case against London milk was very fully stated by the officers of health and other medical men who were present. Dr. Thresh, the medical officer of health for the county of Essex, lives in a district where, as he says, the dairy industry is increasing by leaps and bounds. He asserts that milk from diseased cows is constantly sold for human consumption. His remedy is that inspectors, free from local influence, should be appointed; that the railway companies should be compelled to provide refrigerating vans for the carriage of milk; and that milk cans should be sealed up and not allowed to stand in the sun on platforms. Dr. George Carpenter stated that 2 per cent. of the cows milked in this country suffer from tuberculous udders, and he is in favour of abolishing bye-laws and substituting a general law. He described a visit paid to a large dairy farm of which the condition was simply shocking, although the company that owned it were quite proud of their arrangements.

The extraordinary feat accomplished by Mr. Edge of travelling some 1,500 miles in twenty-four hours suggests many thoughts outside the region of the technical motorist. If such a performance be possible on a made track, some approach to it could be achieved in a case of great emergency. For instance, how useful to a general would be a messenger who could traverse over a thousand miles in the course of one day. Military men see endless possibilities in the development of speed in the motor-car. It might serve other purposes as well; but one cannot help hoping that Mr. Edge's brilliant accomplishment will not lead those who traverse our highways to imitate him. Already the motor travels more than fast enough to be comfortable; so that while congratulating an expert on his skill and on his demonstration that the possibilities of the machine are increased, we trust, at the same time, that this energy will be confined to its legitimate sphere.

Cricket this year has been a considerable disappointment, as the weather has been the worst conceivable, but the game was enlivened on Monday by Mr. G. L. Jessop. It was the first day of the test match between England and South Africa. That in itself made it interesting, for in recent years, as in old time, many things new and strange have come from South Africa. Least expected of all was the cricket team that could hold its own with the best of our county teams, and even make a fight of it with an eleven representing England. At one time in the day's play on Monday, indeed, it was believed that England was going to fall as the individual counties had done.



Fortunately, Mr. G. L. Jessop came to the rescue with one of those brilliant, dashing innings that have earned him a fame peculiar to himself. He is, at such moments, delightful to watch, and it is no wonder that the huge assemblage, which is estimated variously as having numbered from 18,000 to 25,000, broke into thunders of applause.

At the annual meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, Mr. John Murray, the publisher, made some very trenchant remarks. Kindness without sentiment, or rather sentimentality, might be taken as his motto. He is dead against any policy of giving doles or of granting administrative powers to incompetent nobodies. It is an extraordinary fact that in 1864 the cost of maintaining paupers was £6,500,000, and that in 1904 it took more than double that sum to maintain a smaller number of poor people. Yet we have before us at the present moment proposals to feed school children, to increase outdoor relief, relieve the unemployed and place the hospitals on the rates. One reason for all this, as Mr. Murray frankly pointed out, is that persons are now entitled to vote who are not qualified to do so. The harm that was done by bribery was not greater than that which results from making promises to people and fulfilling them with other people's money. Mr. Murray is not at all desirous of checking philanthropic efforts or the extending a helping hand to those who are down, but he would not do so indiscriminately or without imposing some corresponding penalty. We often have it dinned into our ears that poverty is not a crime, but many extremists talk as though it were a positive virtue.

A sad announcement in a contemporary on Tuesday was that of the death of Mr. Godfrey Buxton while fishing in the Spean River in Inverness-shire. He had hooked a fish, and while playing it slipped into the water and was swept away. Fishing is a peaceful amusement to most people's way of thinking, and yet we can recall many and many an occasion where one false step on the bank or while wading meant instant destruction. The fall on to jagged rock is bad enough, but once in the grip of one of these swirling rivers which pour down with such relentless force, penned in in a narrow bed, the strongest swimmer's strength avails him nothing, and help can rarely reach him in time.

Salmon and trout, like ourselves, mature at different ages and at different weights. In a Scotch burn a quarter-pounder may be an old black-headed veteran who has taken to cannibal ways, while in the Test a three-pounder may not yet have reached his prime. An old fish should be taken out by minnow, worm or net at the end of every season. It will save an incalculable number of small fry whom he otherwise would have preyed on through the winter. That the growth of salmon varies enormously is testified by the weight (30½ lb.) of a marked fish caught in the Severn Estuary last week. His previous capture had been made on October 31st, 1906, when he weighed 23 lb. Now a fish that weighs 23 lb. on the last day of the season would probably have been in its best days at least 28 lb., so this salmon had not made much use of the interval. It is also interesting to note that it had returned to the identical spot where it was first taken, in Welhouse Bay.

The tragedy of the war balloon Thresher off the Chesil Beach in Dorsetshire recalls the peculiar danger of landing on that bank of shingle. The beach consists of shelving banks of pebbles, and, the moment a wave has broken, the under tow brings back the surface pebbles with a rush, and on any but the calmest day sweeps away the foothold of any swimmer attempting to land. On a rough day he would be nearly certain to be dashed against the pebbles with a force that would stun him, and this would be repeated again and again till he was drowned. From a long experience we can state that no one who finds himself in this neighbourhood in the coming summer should attempt to bathe from the shore between Portland and Burton Bradstock.

This is the season of Speech Days at the Public Schools; welcome breaks in the routine of even the most enjoyable term of the year. Studies are refurnished and decorated, pretty sisters and aunts are in great demand, and high dignitaries in Church and State enjoy the opportunity of revisiting well-remembered scenes on the pretext of a visit to sons and grandsons, perhaps domiciled in their own old quarters. Reminiscences flow like old wine, mellow and racy, stories are whispered of grave and highly-respected pillars of the State, that would give their constituents a fit if they heard of them, and the small boy who hears finds the old boys not half such duffers as he thought, especially when at the end of the day sundry coins find a resting-place in his waistcoat pocket, and his long tick at the tuck shop troubles him no more.

The laws which govern the movements of migratory birds are always as full of interest as of mystery. It is only a few years ago that observers were pointing out the remarkably small number of swifts which were honouring us with the summer visit we expect of them. At the same time we were informed

that unusually large numbers were present in Italy, and the common inference was that in course of their northern migration they had touched a line, roughly speaking, somewhere near the northern boundary of Italy, where their insect food began to fail them, and therefore did not come farther north. There was a general inference, too, that these insect-eating birds did not, or would not, come to us in their normal force in a cold summer, when insects were not likely to be on the wing. The present summer affords a strong argument in opposition to that inference. It will hardly be questioned that it has been cold and cheerless, yet swifts have been here in their full average numbers. It has to be admitted, however, that insect life has not been at all lacking, in spite of the cold. It is possible that the birds were guided by what they found to be the conditions of the food supply in this instance, as they seemed to be a few years ago.

It is to be presumed that even in this abnormally cold year we shall some day have some warm summer weather, and when that much-to-be-desired time comes it is far from unlikely that in the South of England there will be more than the usual danger threatened by the falling of the big limbs of the elm trees. The occasional avalanche of great boughs which occurs in high summer from the big elm trees is well known, and the cause is recognised to be the exceeding sappiness of the boughs making them too soft to bear their own weight and that of all the foliage in which they are clad. There has been so much rain this spring and early summer, and the new growth of most of the trees and plants has been so much greater than the average, that the limbs are sappy and juicy to an abnormal degree. We have seen signs of it in the quick drooping of foliage on the few occasions when the sun has indulged us by coming out in any warmth. And with the greater sappiness of the boughs the danger of their falling will be so much the greater.

#### JEAN UPON THE UPLANDS.

Oh Jean is on the Uplands and I would fain be there  
To see the breezes dancing in her tumbled, tawny hair,  
To see the mountain shadows cross her careless mocking eyes,  
For Jean upon the Uplands is sweet and wild and wise.

If I were on the Uplands and Jean were by my side  
I could not hold the things I feel however hard I tried,  
I could not try to leave the things I should not say behind,  
For Jean upon the Uplands is tempting, shy and kind.

Some day upon the Uplands I will find and greet her there,  
And tell her what the breezes know that riot in her hair,  
And tell her what the mountains think reflected in her eyes,  
And show her what a man may be when love has made him wise.

L. L.

After the magnificent crop of cherries which all appearances promised us in East Sussex and Kent, it has been sadly disappointing to see the unripe berries dashed from the trees and strewn on the ground in countless numbers by the gales which prevailed in mid-June. Mowing grass in these counties is not so fine a crop as it is reported elsewhere. It is of good height, but there is little of that richness of undergrowth which gives the weight to the acre. All other crops, however, probably without exception, are above the average, and the numbers of the gooseberries are beyond all attempt at estimating. There are exposed places where the gales have laid the mowing grass so that it will be hard to cut.

The sunlessness of the summer has had a certain beneficial effect in our gardens in permitting some kinds of flowers to keep their colour unusually long. The beautiful William Allen Richardson rose is an instance in point. In no former year that we can remember have its blooms retained the rich orange glow of their centre as they have kept it this year. Other sorts have shown the same tendency, if not to the same degree; but on the whole the spring has been too cold for the earlier rose blooms to be really fine. The later-formed buds are plentiful, healthy and full of promise if only the sun would favour them.

Those who have the misfortune to suffer habitually from hay fever have found much compensation for the inconvenience and discomfort caused by the almost perpetual cold and wet of the past spring and early summer, in the fact that they have quite escaped the visitations of violent sneezing and other distressing symptoms which this season generally brings them. It is a compensation for ills beyond the common lot that will not be grudged them; at the same time we may be disposed to ask what the effect on floral growth would be if for several seasons in succession there was virtually no dispersal through the air of pollen from the flowers and grasses. This is, of course, what the abnormal immunity from hay fever means—that the pollen, which is at once the fertiliser of the plants and the cause of the irritation to the mucous membranes of hay fever victims, is so soaked that it does not escape into the atmosphere. It does not seem reasonable to think that this absence of the usual



fertilising principle can be without any effect, though it is probably an effect too obscure and too complicated with the effects of different causes for us to be able to gauge it.

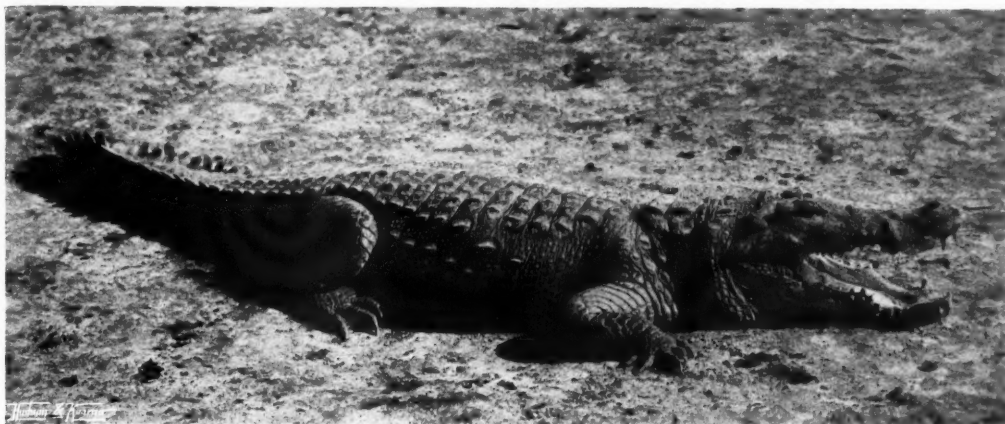
A good many people are saying that the turtle-doves are not with us as numerous as in most summers. There are many places in Great Britain which the turtle-dove never seems to touch, and, of course, in such parts there is no remark on the bird's absence; but with respect to its supposed decreased numbers in the places of its common resort, we suspect that it is a case analogous to that of the autumn foliage, of which Edward Fitzgerald, in his inimitable letters, says more than once: "The

leaves seem to be staying on the trees until a later date than usual this year"; then adding, in his charming and gently sardonic manner: "I believe I always make this remark each successive autumn." Perhaps it is somewhat thus with the turtle-doves. At this time of year their absence is often commented on. Later they always appear much more numerous. The reason is that just now they are in the leafy woods, busy over domestic matters, and what constitutes their food at this season is rather a mystery to the present writer. Later, when there is corn in the ear, they go frequently from their homes in the woods to their dinners in the cornfields, and so are much in evidence, and those who see them remark on their numbers.

## PHOTOGRAPHING ALLIGATORS.

**I**T was my cherished ambition to secure a decent photograph of an alligator when I went to India.

Not the confined article; I did not want that. I wanted him in his native element; and when I heard there were plenty of them in the lakes at Anaradjhpura in Ceylon I anticipated that there I should secure the picture I so coveted, as well as views of the ancient dagobas and buried palaces of this city, whose glories now lie masked under a thousand years or so of tropical growth. Dagobas and ruined palaces I photographed to my heart's content, but I found that the alligators had very pronounced ideas of their own on the subject of photography. Alligators there were in plenty. The lakes literally swarmed with them, but when I finally left Anaradjhpura it was as a wiser and a disappointed man. I had not been able to get near one. Even though I had long-focus lenses and telephoto lenses and everything I needed for the work, I did not get a picture. Time after time I went and waited and waited and crept and crawled and stalked my prey; but the moment I got anywhere near him and showed myself he was off like lightning into the water, and only an eddy moving along the surface with the speed of a motor-boat traced his whereabouts below. I finally gave it up. I left the camera behind and took a rifle instead, and even then it was only a ter long and careful stalking that I killed my first at a range of about 250yds.; it was impossible to get any nearer. These lake alligators are not like the lazy brutes which lie on the banks of certain rivers ignoring passing steamboats. They scent danger from afar, and on the slightest sound or movement detected the apparently lifeless bit of waterlogged stranded wood is off like a flash of light. People have said to me, "Why, I thought they only dragged themselves along." No, there is no dragging about an alligator. The instant danger is detected he raises his body a foot or more from the ground and rushes off like a gigantic lizard, arching his back and bounding along at a speed almost incredible in so ungainly



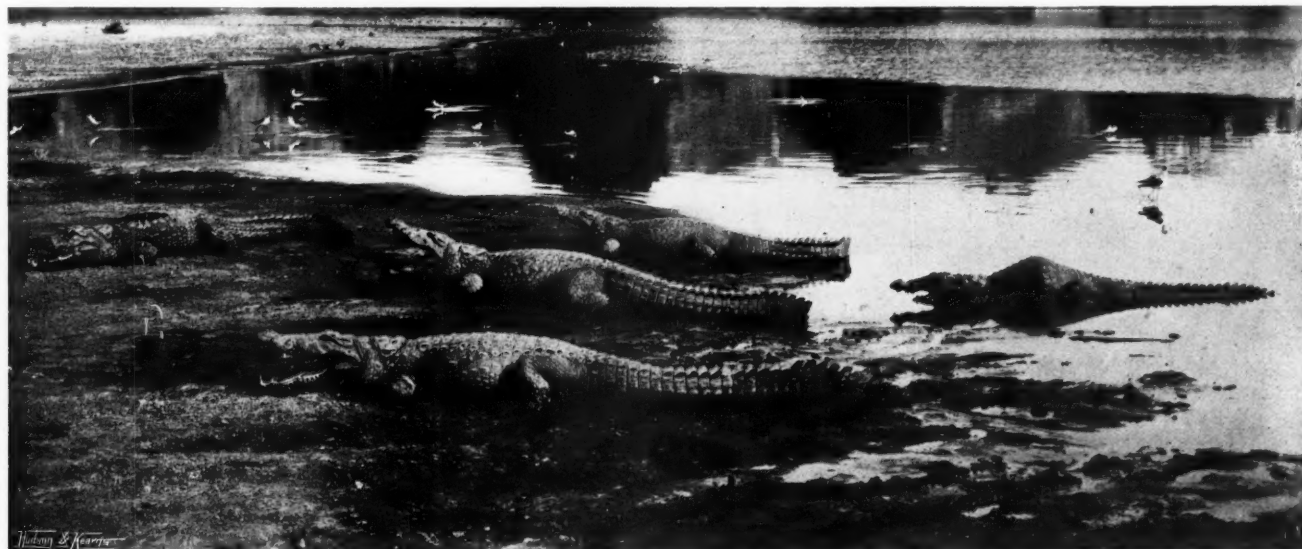
Herbert G. Ponting.

A TWELVE-FOOTER.

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a creature. The instant he touches soft mud his immense tail acts as an auxiliary propeller, swishing from side to side with terrific power, and as soon as he enters the water the tail alone does duty, sending him ploughing along at a speed no one could believe who had seen these creatures loafing in tanks in zoological gardens. From what I afterwards saw of "muggers," as they call them in India, I am convinced a blow from a large one's tail would not only break a man's legs, but absolutely reduce him to pulp.

On arrival at every likely place in India I enquired about these creatures, and at Calcutta I learnt that a leather company had spent a large sum in endeavouring to secure a good photograph of an alligator in his wild state, and had been unsuccessful. My prospects of achieving my ambition did not therefore seem very hopeful. In due course I arrived at a certain town where I heard that in a lake a large number of muggers were kept, free and unconfined, at the pleasure of the Maharajah. I did not waste any time in securing permission to visit this place, as here, if anywhere, I should, I hoped, get what I so much desired. On arriving at the lake, or "tank," as a lake is always called in India regardless of its size, my first feeling was of disappointment. It was, perhaps, an eighth of a mile square and surrounded by steep walls, but the



Herbert G. Ponting.

A NICELY-POSED GROUP OF FIVE.

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AN INDIAN "TANK."

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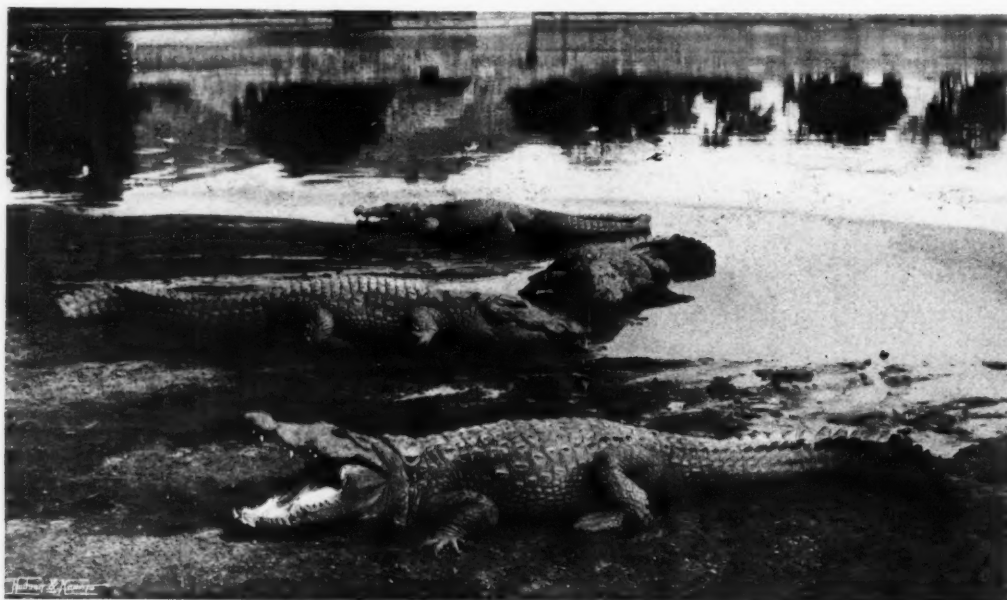
long-continued drought had so reduced the quantity of water it contained that it presented little of the beauty which I had heard it possessed. It seemed little else but hard-baked mud. On glancing around, however, I saw several of the stranded logs, which I knew would immediately come to life if anyone went near. My Rajput guide intimated that we were to descend the steps and approach them. I must say I felt a bit chary about this, as, knowing the speed at which they could run, I hesitated to expose myself on that waste of mud with no retreat in reach, should they be disposed to attack, instead of run away. The swarthy Rajput, however, assured me we might approach reasonably near, and several others of his comrades appearing on the scene, we all went down together. These men were those whose duty it was to see that a certain prescribed quantity of offal and meat was cast into the lake each day to feed the brutes. As the men went near the muggers exhibited no desire to molest them, and, emboldened by their apparent tameness, I approached also with my camera, but was instantly met with a chorus of savage snorts, which convinced me I had better remain at a safer distance. The alligators seemed to have become alarmed, however, for they all ran into the water and retired from view.

How to get them out again? Ah! that would be easy. We had only to buy meat, plenty of meat, my Rajput said. "Then go and buy meat," I replied. "Buy plenty of it; buy half a cow if necessary, for we must get them out again." And off went two of the men, and returned in half-an-hour with four huge baskets of butcher's scraps. One of the stiff-whiskered, fierce-looking Rajputs then went to the water's edge and uttered a long and shrill yell. No sign of life appearing to answer this summons,

he yelled again and again, making the place ring with his cries. Presently an eddy appeared on the surface, then an ugly snout which slowly approached until the owner of it stranded in the mud. As he evinced no desire to come any nearer some scraps were thrown to him, which he seemed to greatly relish. Then one of the men tied a large piece of meat on to a string and threw it in front of him. As he darted at this it was drawn away from him and then cast again until he had been tempted well up on to the dry ground.

Others now began to appear on the surface and were lured ashore by similar means. I was busy photographing each specimen as he emerged from the water. By means of a pair of 8in. lenses on a stereoscopic camera I was able to keep at a safe distance and yet secure fair-sized portraits of them. They were easily alarmed by any sudden movement and would rush off into safety again; but the tasty scraps were irresistible. Like Oliver Twist they asked for more. It was not easy, however, to get the brutes on to the high and dry ground. They preferred to remain on the safe side of the water's edge, where their powerful tails could help them manœuvre even more rapidly than was possible on the hard surface. There was no running or hurrying about them unless alarmed. They appeared to be most sluggish brutes; but the instant they were frightened at anything they would swing round and rush back to safety with the speed of which I have already spoken.

Having now secured a good selection of stereographs, I essayed to get a large picture with my tripod camera. This I successfully accomplished by the use of a 14in. Zeiss protar, and then becoming more ambitious I decided to attempt some groups. This was very difficult, for as fast as two or three had been coaxed out they would be frightened at our efforts to add to the number, and we had repeatedly to begin over again. My groups on the day of my first visit were so successful, however, and I was so pleased with them, that I decided to try to get even better ones. So the next day found me there again. On this occasion, after several hours' work, I had the pleasure of securing a nicely posed group of five. "Posing alligators." It does sound a bit absurd, doesn't it? But that is exactly what we did. By means of meat tied to long strings, and hung on long bamboo poles, they were coaxed, inch by inch, into the very positions I desired, and the groups herewith are the results. While I was busy making stereographs of my group my friend, Cecil H. Meares, who was using my tripod camera, took the photograph showing me at work on them.

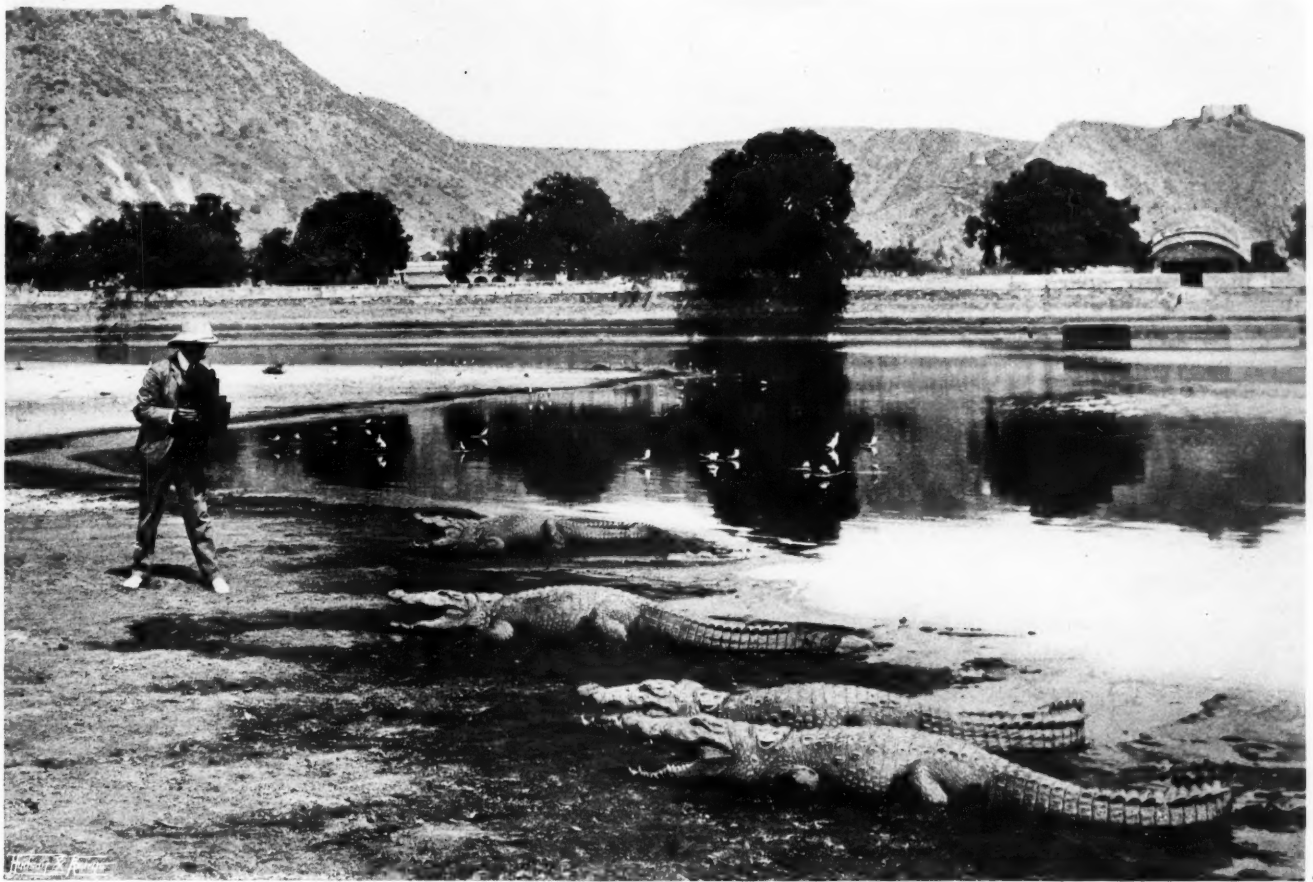


Herbert G. Ponting.

AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

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Herbert G. Ponting.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

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The Indians repeatedly warned me not to approach too near; but thinking the muggers were as much afraid of me as I of them, I became foolishly bold, and in the end had nearly cause to rue my enthusiasm. I was intently centring one on the ground-glass, with my eyes well down into the hood of my reflex, when I thoughtlessly stepped back a few paces, quite forgetting that there was another ten-footer close behind me. Suddenly there was a fearful snort, the Indians yelled, there was a patter of feet, and without turning to look I took a leap and then ran. I was not the fraction of a second too soon, for the brute's

jaws came together with a loud snap that fairly made my blood chill, as I realised that only my leap had saved me from being badly mangled, or, as would more probably have been the case, set upon by the lot of them and dragged into the lake.

However, I had achieved my ambition, and had got the pictures I desired. I had, indeed, got far more than I ever expected; and if they were not exactly wild alligators, they were certainly savage enough on provocation, as I had nearly proved to my cost.

HERBERT G. PONTING.

## LEAD GARDEN STATUES.

THE majority of lead garden statues are the product of Georgian times; but the seventeenth century saw their use well established in the pseudo-classic atmosphere in which they chiefly flourished. I am inclined to regard C. G. Cibber as the father of the classic garden figure. He was born in Flensburg, Holstein, in 1630, and in Colley Cibber, the dramatist, had a son more famous than himself. He was originally employed by John, the son of Nicholas Stone, both well-known and able sculptors, but left his service and started for himself in Southampton Street. Peter

Cunningham says of him that "his residence in Rome and the general favour extended to classic subjects . . . induced

Cibber to carve allegories and gods. He performed for the vista and the grove what Thornhill and La Guerre did for the ceilings and the walls. Neptune with his Tritons appeared in the midst of the pond, Diana and her nymphs in the recesses of the grove, Venus adorned some shady arbour, and Minerva or Apollo watched by the portico." Careful search has, however, failed me in my attempt to identify Cibber with any lead figures. He delighted in freestone, which is easily worked. God after god



A RIVER GOD AT PARHAM, SUSSEX.

could be turned out rapidly to satisfy the urgent demands of the *cognoscenti* of his day. A few years of rain and frost, and the insidious creeping of lichen, produce in freestone statues an air of desolation and decay. Hence the recourse to lead for

Homer, Cæsar and Nebucadnezzar  
All standing naked in the open air,

for frost, which will split a stone figure, leaves lead unhurt.

It is interesting to note that Pepys had a word to say about garden statues, as, indeed, about most things that minister to the pleasures and graciousness of life. He spent a Sunday afternoon at Whitehall with Hugh May, who was near to getting the post of Surveyor to Charles II., but happily lost it. It was given to Sir Christopher (then Dr.) Wren. Hugh May was doubtless, as Pepys says, "a very ingenious man," but one trembles to think what we should have lost if anyone short of Wren, with his enormous powers, had been the architect of St. Paul's and the City churches. About gardens May seems to have been sound, and told the diarist that "we have the best walks of gravel in the world, France having none, nor Italy, and our green of our bowling allies is better than any they have. So our business here being Ayre, this is the best way, only with a



A TYPICAL DUTCH LEAD TRITON.

little mixture of statues or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or greene as the season of the year will bear."

While "a little mixture of statues" is here admitted as being part of the "best way," Hugh May unfortunately did not enlarge on the question of material or refer to the subjects he thought fit for such figures. However, "our business here being Ayre" is a delightful English touch, for which we may well be grateful, and forgive him for omitting to descant on the charms of statues and pots when of lead, or to describe the statues which came up to his standard of "handsome." Though lead statues for gardens were in use throughout the seventeenth and, to some extent, in the sixteenth century, their greatest vogue was in the first half of the eighteenth. They are of particular value when grouped in connection with ornamental waters. The watery garden had a great impetus when Dutch artists and gardeners came to England in great numbers at the Revolution, and stimulated the Dutch note in English gardencraft. By the courtesy of the Director of the State Museum at Amsterdam, I am able to illustrate a typical Dutch lead Triton, which was evidently at one time a centre of spouting freshness in a formal garden. With this before us it is easy to see the source of



FROM DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

inspiration of many of the figures turned out by the Piccadilly lead-founders.

That Piccadilly has seen great changes is evident when we reflect that the most flourishing of the sellers of garden ornaments



PERSEUS AT MELBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.





FROM THE FLOWER-POT GATE, HAMPTON COURT.

was in business at Hyde Park Corner. Piccadilly was, in fact, the Euston Road of the eighteenth century, and, fortunately for



THE "PIPING GOD" AT HARDWICK HALL.

Clubland, has not retained its old trade, as has Long Acre, which has been faithful to carriage-building for about three centuries. An admirable example of the water note in lead figures is the River God at Parham, Sussex, a place very friendly to this metal, for there is a beautiful lead font in the parish church. Regular readers of these pages will remember the illustrations of some charming lead amorini at Melbourne, Derbyshire. In those splendid gardens there are also a Perseus and an Andromeda, of which I illustrate the former. It is a good example of the heavy, stolid style of pseudo-classical sculpture which is characteristic of the eighteenth century. Perseus is looking away from the Medusa head with a rather bored expression, and the figure altogether is in as marked contrast as can well be conceived to the magnificent treatment by Benvenuto Cellini of the same subject.

When Lord Burlington uttered his dictum against lead statues on the ground that they tended to fall out of shape, and that arms became like "crooked billets," he doubtless had in mind such figures as the one now illustrated from Devonshire House, Piccadilly. Despite that noble amateur's scorn, he filled the gardens of the villa he designed at Chiswick with lead



PAN AT CASTLE HILL.

statues, and I am informed that the statue illustrated was removed to Devonshire House when the present Duke dismantled the villa. It is obvious that a material which needs to be stayed with iron rods is profoundly unsuitable for a figure that does not stand well over its base.

The groups of three charming boys upholding trophies of fruits give its name to the Flower-pot Gate at Hampton Court, and are, perhaps, the most completely successful terminals for the gate-piers of a great garden. They are as exactly appropriate to their position as the pair of lead stags on the piers at the Albert Gate of Hyde Park. At Hardwick Hall a formal garden has been laid out in comparatively recent years, and six lead figures were taken there from the gardens at Chatsworth. The most interesting of the six I now illustrate, and it will be noted how cleverly the stability of the figure is assured by making the piping god lean against a tree trunk.

The immense variety of lead garden ornaments, some beautiful, some ridiculous, but all interesting, makes it difficult to establish any definite preferences in one's mind. I am inclined, however, to think that there is nowhere anything so absolutely akin to its surroundings as the terminal bust of Pan at Castle Hill. It is (what garden ornaments very often are not) a piece

of serious sculpture. The great ears, the little horns appearing through his vine-crowned hair, the broad nose and thick lips wreathed in a sleepy voluptuous smile, make this Pan a very incarnation of the woods, and it is a profound regret to me that I cannot establish the authorship of so notable and artistic a work.

Enquiry into the personalities of seventeenth and eighteenth century sculpture is a high road to despair, and nothing but a most strenuous searching of the building accounts of the great English mansions is likely to fill the gaps in an interesting and too-long-neglected subject.

LAWRENCE WEAVER, F.S.A.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE

### THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S YOUNG.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the unseasonably cold weather, the young eagles are generally in a thriving condition, and by the beginning of July many of them will have left their eyries. On visiting, a short time ago, the eyrie about which I wrote in these pages at an earlier date, I found the nest quite deserted, and not a trace of the eaglets was to be seen anywhere. Soon, however, the well-known call-note of the young was heard at the foot of the cliff, and on looking down I saw an eaglet sitting on the grass quite 30ft. beneath me. There was only one bird, however, so that probably the other had been killed by the fall over the rocks and had been carried off by a fox, and it seems rather extraordinary that even one bird had escaped injury. The eyrie, when the eggs are laid, is rather a shallow structure, and in a very short time the movements of the young birds and the weight of the prey render it quite flat, so that there is nothing to prevent the eaglets from falling out. In fact, the last time I saw them in the eyrie one was clinging perilously near the edge, and would probably soon have fallen overboard had I not replaced him. The surviving eaglet seemed in no way disturbed by the recent journey through the air, and had grown into a splendidly-developed bird. A rather curious and interesting fact was that the old birds had built a kind of eyrie; composed of green fir branches and one or two stalks of long dead heather, for the young one to rest on! The eaglet at first was very excited at our approach, but, gradually recognising that no harm was meant, became quite friendly, and took from my hand pieces of flesh from a grouse lying beside it. He was evidently a bird of gentle disposition, as he was careful not to catch hold of one's finger in mistake for the grouse, and even when a stick was held close to him would not seize it, being in this respect quite different from another eaglet which was reared in a different part of the same forest some years ago, and which had a most savage nature, hissing violently when approached and seizing in a vice-like grip anything that was held out towards it.

### THE PTARMIGAN'S SECOND LAYING.

At the present date of writing (June 25th), the majority of the ptarmigan are just beginning to brood on a second clutch of eggs, their first having been destroyed by the snowstorm three weeks ago, and apparently the second clutch consists of the same number of eggs as the first, that is to say, from six to eight. The hen lays an egg every day, and does not begin to sit until the whole clutch has been deposited, half covering the eggs when away during the day with lichen and moss. She hides them very imperfectly, however, and often they fall a prey to the hoodie or common gull. These birds had a grand feast at the beginning of June, after the snow melted and left exposed the deserted nests, and I found in a short time three nests with every egg sucked clean; what was rather unusual was the fact that the thieves had not even troubled to remove the eggs to a secluded spot. They usually do this if the rightful owner is still in possession, carrying the eggs in their bills to some stream or pool, as they seem to prefer the egg when it is helped down by a draught of spring water. As a rule, the ptarmigan nest above the heather-line, but on the Cairngorms on June 23rd I found a nest among long heather in precisely the position a grouse would choose, about 2,800ft. above sea-level. Apparently some of the birds have given up the idea of a second clutch, as I saw a pack of nine fly off together. The dotterel, which nest still higher—almost at the 4,000ft. level—have either had their first clutch destroyed or else have not yet commenced to nest. On June 22nd I saw as many as sixteen in a flock at a favourite nesting-ground, which points to nesting being very far removed; doubtless, should the weather of July be warm, the birds will nest, but whether for the first or second time is doubtful. We experienced, at their nesting-grounds, weather which must be unique for the longest day of the year. During the climb heavy hail squalls were encountered, and the weather resembled a typical March day. On reaching the summit plateau a thick mist enveloped the hill for some time, and dry powdery hail began to fall, which soon changed to large flakes of snow, covering the hill in a very few minutes. The winter's snow was still lying many feet deep in the corries, and it was next to impossible to realise that midsummer had been reached.

### NESTING OF THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

The extreme wet which we have lately been experiencing has done a vast amount of damage to the nests of the black-headed gulls, and one colony that I know of has been almost flooded out. The birds nested in a boggy stretch of land which, after the severe rains at the end of May, was transformed into quite a respectable loch. Shortly afterwards I noticed that the birds had returned to a nesting site which had been nearly deserted for the last year or two, and were busily engaged in nesting. This colony would have always been a favourite one, but the keeper on whose beat the birds were suddenly became possessed of the idea that the gulls took the eggs of the grouse, and on the strength of this idea shot several, driving the remainder away. Next spring the birds again returned to their former haunts, but again were driven off. This year, however, they have so far nested in security, but their fate hangs in the balance. As regards the charges laid against them of egg-stealing, I think, in the case of the eggs of the grouse, at all events, these charges are unfounded, and I have never yet seen remains of any eggs near a colony of black-headed gulls, although I fear I cannot say the same as

regards the common gull, which often purloins the eggs of the ptarmigan, and, doubtless, those of any other bird whose nest it is fortunate enough to discover.

SETON P. GORDON.

## ROUND THE VICARAGE.

**A** WILD creature not very often seen, except by the naturalist, labourer or sportsman is the adder (A. S. naddre) or viper (Lat. vipera). This solitary venomous reptile usually restricts its habitation to dry, sunny places, such as heatherlands or hedgerows, of which there are so many within our island home. The causes of its being so seldom noticed are to a great extent its colouring, which tones most beautifully with its surroundings, and, perhaps, even more than this, its intense, and one may almost say, uncanny power of instantly perceiving the approach of any foe.

My first intimate acquaintance with one of these interesting reptiles, though I had frequently met with them before, but rather as enemies than as friends, was in Pyrford Rough, about one mile from Newark Abbey, which lies within the valley of the Wey. In this place there is an ideal spot like the tiny crater of an extinct volcano, sheltered at the foot of its gentle rise by an almost perfect circle of old oaks, and with its sloping sides covered by luxuriant bracken from 4ft. to 6ft. high, while in its shallow saucer-formed summit there is heather, ling, sand and a very small cave of ironstone about 18in. high, where the adders dwell. This piece of stone, excepting the dripping-well between Pyrford Church and the Stone Farm Cottages, was said to be the nearest rock to London. And in this secluded spot, being moved by youth and spring-like thoughts one day, I lay at rest flooding the woods with what I hoped was melody on my flute, when suddenly I perceived basking upon the baking sand before the cave an adder seemingly asleep, and, what was more, within my easy reach. My melody continued to pour forth its dulcet notes, while rapid thoughts went surging through my youthful brain; then, suddenly, as swift as thought, I pressed my concert-flute down on the neck of my hissing, writhing prey. Then I was at a loss how to proceed, as I wished to convey my struggling captive home. However, it occurred to me that a noose of string deftly slipped about its neck and tightened suddenly would, with sundry shakes, enable me to carry my venomous and vindictive find back to the neighbouring vicarage grounds. This I eventually did, and believe it to be the very best method of safely securing a viper when you meet it unprepared. Then, keeping my snake in all its writhing indignation suspended from a lucky nail inserted in the stable wall, I sought with feverish haste the largest box that I could find, and covering this box with the well-washed panes of glass from an old cucumber-frame, and cutting the tightened noose by means of my pocket-knife bound to a neighbouring hazel-wand, I safely released my captive snake within its prison walls. Having thus discovered the method of capturing one of the fascinating creatures which I sought, though at that particular spring season it was not really the one I mostly craved, I set to work and caught from the same sheltered, sun-baked spot four other adders, larger than the first and of different colours, and placed them all within the same glass-covered cage, watching their habits as the days went by. But then there came to me the most distressing thought—they must be fed! So happening to come across the largest frog I have ever chanced to light upon, I placed it in their cage with the intensest care, because the newly-captured adders would always strike the glass instantly, unless the disturbing movement were almost preternaturally slow. For twenty minutes the frog lay still, then leaped towards the light, and instantly was struck by the first viper I had caught, its nearest foe. After about five minutes' waiting by the snake, while the frog crouched absolutely motionless in a corner of the box, the adder very slowly, its movement hardly being perceptible, approached its prey, and reaching it, moved its head all over it as if seeking the correct part of its anatomy on which to lay its hold. This may have been caused by the frog's head happening to be buried in a corner of the cage. Then suddenly it seized its victim's buried snout, the frog hardly seeming to resist at all, and drawing it out into the centre of the box proceeded to swallow it—at length. I say at length, because this miracle occupied about three-quarters of an hour, the adder's neck being not more than half an inch in breadth, the broadest bony width of the frog's whole body being nearly two!

None of these adders would ever after this eat anything during the two months in which I held them captive, and the conclusion seems to be that those adders which live in the hedgerows feed almost entirely on the mice which they find in the hedges and surrounding fields, while those which inhabit the heathlands find their sustenance in the light brown lizards (*Lacerta vivipara*) which dart away just like the first rush of the viper on approaching danger to the nearest cover, thus unintentionally, though evolutionally, copying their more dangerous neighbour in their dash for life. If any reader is desirous of capturing one of these cold-blooded though passionate reptiles—





A. Keighley.

THE CAMPANILE, CHIOGGIA.

Copyright.

an adder—let him go to the most sunny heathlands, which he knows, on the warmest summer's day at noon, with a thick walking-stick or wide-necked bottle, then walking from north to south very slowly, and treading like a cat, he will in most districts hear many lizards that will disappoint him in his quest; but if luck lies his way he will perceive an adder basking in the sun or hear its sudden movement in the heather. In either case let him advance as softly and swiftly as he may, and if his find be taking its siesta in the sun it will probably make its dart for safety more quickly than his eye can follow it; but if it has already gained its refuge in the heather, let him look and listen with all his powers, and he will find that his prey is moving away from him to better cover so very slowly that it hardly makes a sound, and its movement is scarcely perceptible. Then is his chance; instantly let him press his stick upon the heather and adder, and the prize is his. Nevertheless, let him remember that it is a dangerous beast which he has caught, and one by which if he were struck while not in perfect health might cause his death. However, it is very easy to avoid any danger from this, the only venomous creature on our larger isle, which seems to consider our smaller

isle without its presence to have distress enough. The danger zone from this insidious foe is at the most 2ft.; its shape and colouring are quite distinct from the ordinary grass snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) or rarer smooth snake (*Coronella austriaca*), the adder's form being thickened backwards towards its tail, which is quite short and tapering to a point; also its venomous properties are most clearly marked by the thick, blunt-pointed, zigzagged or diamond-necklaced line which runs right down the centre of its sinuous back, ending at the extremity of its form. This mark is not always black, but sometimes fawn or grey. The general ground colour of the adder varies from brown, mauve, dusky red, or dull pink to light-coloured yellow, with black or darker points (if such an expression may be justly borrowed); but always it has a zigzagged or diamond-necklaced mark about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. in width running down its spine. The end of my five captive vipers was curious in the extreme. One night some pillering person prying round their prison removed the glassy covering from the box, and I devoutly hope felt within the cage, thus most certainly receiving the just recompense of his ill-considered and nefarious deeds.

R. P. RIDSDALE.

## BUCKINGHAMSHIRE BEECH WOODS—I.

HOW came these beech woods here and what is the story of their use, management and value are the questions which the writer here attempts to answer. Before written history come the monuments of archæology. The earliest evidence of the beech from the chalk hills of Buckinghamshire was discovered in the Thames Valley at Hedsor while excavating a lake dwelling; for the piles on which the dwelling had been reared were of beech. This ancient building might have been built before the age of written history, and seems anyhow to confute an oft-quoted statement from Cæsar that the "fagus" was not a native of Britain. The forest land of the Chiltern Hills is supposed to have been dense enough to determine the course of that British trackway skirting its Northern slopes which the Romans converted into the Icknield Way. The forest may have continued without break in its existence, and, just as Sussex

(site of the forest of Anderida) is still famous for its oak woods, so Buckinghamshire still abounds in beech.

Our earliest history makes mention of woodland in stating the number of pigs that could find food in its glades. In the pannage of acorns or beechmast doubtless lay the chief value of the woodland at that time. Thus at West Wycombe, to which parish where possible we desire to refer, the Domesday record tells us of "wood for a thousand hogs." Not many centuries passed, however, before it is evident the wood was very valuable in itself. Rogers' "History of Agriculture and Prices in England" tells us of the fourteenth century; "the value of timber and especially fuel was comparatively high. Periodical sales were made of the larger trees, and a portion of the underwood, fit for hurdles or faggots, was regularly cut every year." Thus he quotes at Cheddington, 1313: 10,000 beech laths at 6d. a hundred, a price not uncommon then for oak (hart), while "sap"



A FLOURISHING WOOD WITH NUMEROUS SEEDLINGS.



were not half the price. Again, at Ibstone, in the near neighbourhood of West Wycombe, at the end of the thirteenth century "tall wood" was sold at 2s. and 2s. 5d. per hundred. In 1337 faggots were 3s. 2d. a hundred. But charcoal seems to have been the chief product of the Ibstone beech woods; at least, it is most frequently mentioned. This was sold by the quarter, and its price varied from 4½d. in 1281 to 7d. in 1367.

Through the kindness of the editor and the assistance of Miss M. Martin such records of the Manor of West Wycombe as exist in London have been searched, and they afford a few glimpses of the conditions obtaining during the long period from before the Conquest to Edward VI., during the whole of which time the manor was held by the Bishops of Winchester.



A WOOD WITHOUT SUCCESSORS.

Beech trees are first mentioned 1323-24. Ministers' accounts of this date give:

Account of the Manor of West Wycombe.—Received for pannage of pigs of the whole town; forty-four pigs over a year old and fifty-eight young pigs; for a pig 1d. and for a young pig ½d.—6s. 1d.

For pannage of pigs of foreigners; nothing this year because there was no mast.

Received for twelve beech trees sold 23s. 10d.

The "Issues of the Manor," 1354, say:

Received for pannage of pigs entering this year at Martinmas £4 0 4d.

Here, then, we find there is still the food for the 1,000 hogs of Domesday, and the inference may be made that the woodland had not been curtailed. The absence of mast is too common in beech woods, where an abundant fall occurs only about once in seven years. Who can say what the value of the penny was in the fourteenth century, to convey a meaning to the world of to-day of the price of pannage and fuel then? Wheat was 9d. a bushel through this and the following century, the price altering in a transitory way only. Beech trees were of value at that time. A partial expression of the value of fuel and its rise may be found in its relation to the value of wheat: During the fourteenth century, twenty-seven faggots would buy a bushel of wheat, and for the fifteenth century, nine would be sufficient. Nowadays, frequently a bushel of wheat, cheap as we think it, is equivalent to forty faggots, which are accordingly cheaper still. We may add that the cost of making 100 faggots before the Black Death was about equal to that of the bushel of wheat. Then the cost rose to nearly double, and perhaps it is about the same (6s. 8d. for two bushels) to-day. Besides the twelve beech trees mentioned above, there are a few statements of sale of wood at West Wycombe in the next century, small sums being named in 1456 and 1471, and again in 1506; at the latter date 57s. 0½d. was received for wood sold "in the woods called Bokerwode." Our

illustrations show the beauty of this rough woodland, called "Booker Common," to-day, and it may reasonably be held that its features are but a repetition of the scene of earlier ages.

Beech is the best wood for fuel. In those days of high-priced iron, there was, no doubt, much greater use of the wood for common articles like buckets, shovels and trenchers. Not being required for building is, perhaps, the reason that it rarely appears in "Rogers." Most probably the value was near that of oak, for we find this to be the case with ash, elm and poplar boards in the sixteenth century; the beech laths also quoted give a corresponding value. We can understand the great demand for all wood in those days, when the importation of deals cannot be said to have commenced, and when (1535) orders had been issued to prevent export of wood from our coasts. The value of oak, generally speaking, seems to have borne a steady relation to that of wheat—the load of 40ft. of oak timber being continually priced at the general average of the quarter of eight bushels of wheat, and, accordingly, the cubic foot, 1300 to 1540, was 1½d., rising to 5d. before 1600 and to 1s. by 1700. The eighteenth century—the century of inventions—was the first to tell by prices that the supply of timber was failing, despite increasing importations, and though in its first half prices generally ruled low, it was not so with oak, which doubled, largely on account of the great development of the Navy and the building of many merchant vessels. After 1750 the making of canals and the development of sea traffic diminished the cost of freight and checked any further rise, solving the fuel question. In 1792 thirty beech faggots would buy a bushel of wheat at West Wycombe. Here we come upon precise information, and had best retrace our steps to discuss the question of management of the woods in the Middle Ages before describing the recent century and the beech woods then. It is evident that fuel was a most profitable item in woodland management. A system of coppice and standards giving fuel and mast must on this



BEECHES AT BOOKER.

account have prevailed very generally; but in the case of beech woods the duration of coppice was soon endangered, and charcoal or timber must have been always a prominent feature in Buckinghamshire. It was for coppice (if not for nuts) that in 1335 2,000 hazel plants were bought for 4s. 1d. at Oxford; and this is the first suggestion of planting woodland we have met with.

The common wood, then, as now, was a property on which the trees belonged to the lord of the manor. Thus in the Court Rolls (MSS. of the Ecclesiastical Commission), eleventh year of Bishop Stephen (1542): "The tithing presents that Edward Hamuldon lopped (succidit) one beech making one cartload value 3d. in the lords common wood without leave, he is amerced 4d.," and a similar entry occurs two years previously. But on the neighbouring



THE EDGE OF THE BEECH WOOD.

manor of Great Wyckham the custom was different, for the copyholders took proceedings in Chancery in 1585 and declared that they "are by custom entitled to cut wood (except oak and ash) for house-boot, plough-boot and cart-boot." But most woods were in the hands of the lord of the manor entirely. Management was probably nothing more than the preservation of the fences to keep out cattle. On the one hand, the depredations of rabbits were not worth noting anywhere till 1600; and, on the other, the system of hog-feeding was a real aid to Nature in keeping up the best regeneration of the wood both by the turning up of the soil and the covering up and treading in the seed.

A.

### RING-OUSELS IN MAY.

THE winter home of the ring-ousel is, no doubt, in the half-tropical, half-alpine mountain slopes of Northern Africa; but its summer range is widely extended, and it is happy alike among the olive groves and vineyards of the Italian hills and the harsher whinberries and rowan trees of English wilds. And although it is plentiful enough in its chosen haunts, those haunts are so remote and, generally, so beautiful that they seem to invest the bird with an added interest. In the wild hills which separate Herefordshire from Brecknockshire many colonies of ousels are to be found in spring, and I look back in particular with infinite pleasure on one May day and one valley among these hills where I first made their acquaintance. The valley is a long, and at its commencement a wide, dingle which runs up amid these magnificent hills and narrows until it comes to an end in a steep rock, down which a waterfall leaps. There is some strange reminiscence of an Umbrian hillside, with its patches of dark purple thyme and darker juniper, in the dark hue of the heather on which in May there is no sign of spring life, in the great stones and slabs of fallen rock, and in the waterfall, which makes you thirsty just for looking at its pellucid brightness. There is the same burnt-up, scorched expression, but the hills of Umbria are burnt by a Southern sun, these are scorched by an English winter. There is, too, the same red sandstone rock which in some lights becomes pink—the transparent pink of pink topaz; but which also, in some lights, under some skies, grows dark, almost black. I have seen the hills between Perugia and Orte look thus black and forbidding under a thunder-cloud. It is, perhaps, to this dark scowl that these pleasant Herefordshire

hills owe their name of the Black Mountains. On nearly every side of this dingle there is only desolate wildness, and but little variety of vegetation even on the mountain slopes. The course of the water down the valley is, indeed, marked by the softest green moss and great tufts of fern, but the flowers among the mountain grass are so curiously dwarfed as to seem another race from those of the lowland pastures. Tormentil, cinquefoil and barren strawberry are here hardly an inch long with roots and foliage. In the wet places, where the springs soak out and then disappear again into the rock, we find the butterwort, its golden leaves more conspicuous in the sunshine than the purple flowers.

Of living things on the day which I am remembering I only met the small mountain sheep, which stood to gaze with wistful faces and then wandered on among the heather bleating sadly. The silence and loneliness were tremendous; the silence that is among the hills. Is it wonderful that the simple shepherd souls are awed by it and people these wastes with supernatural sights and sounds? The folklore of the district is a curious revelation for this century. When I take my way to the lonely cottages on the hillside, I think

Seest thou yon little path  
That winds among this ferny brae?  
It is the path to Bonnie Elfland . . .

For I seldom come away without some fresh folklore for my collection. Although the near view of the hills in May is colourless and dark, the distant view is bathed in light, transparent light—a luminosity such as we see in pictures of the Van Eycks, as the body of heaven for clearness. The fields and lanes, small even when we are among them, have become as patchwork; but they are sharply defined, as though focussed in a camera, and are radiant in the sunshine. On the north vast rocky clouds are climbing up into the vivid blue, dazzlingly brilliant where the sun shines on them; but there is thunder hid in the heart of them—that fitful, brief, spring thunder which follows the line of these hills, and makes the pheasants crow down in the sheltered woods and the blackbirds chatter in the hedge. And these distant lanes and fields, through which I came to reach the hills, are in May resplendent with blossom, embalmed with sweetness. The pink crab grows low among the hedges; there is bird-cherry, recalling Alpine days and Alpine brightness; there are hedges—long, long hedges of May-blossom—miles of sweetness and radiance.



It was easy to see why the ring-ousels had chosen the dingle to which these lanes of beauty had led me. There was—the first need of birds—a plentiful and never-failing supply of water; there is the heather, which they need for shelter against the wild hill storms; there are tall rowan trees and lowly bilberries, which form a welcome addition to their fare of snails and the like. Under the tufts of heather, which here grows to shrub-like dimensions, or among the rocks above the waterfall, the nests are made—rough, inartistic productions of the blackbird type.

The birds are sprightly, vivacious creatures with a great love of their nests, and I have known them fly in the face of the intruder in their defence. The song is a sweet, wild, rather soft whistle. The ousels are not the only birds strange to cultivated lands which inhabit these hills. There are rock-doves in the cliffs, curlews are crying around the shoulders of the wastes, blackcock creep up to the hilltops in the late afternoon to feed and chatter, and merlins are not unknown. The ring-ousels are in distinguished company on these Herefordshire moors. C. A. OWEN.

## CANADIAN ALPINE PLANTS.

THERE is a delicate, fragrant charm about the Canadian alpine wild flowers, which flourish at immense altitudes in Nature's garden, that is eminently enchanting. The rich luxuriance of the artificial gardens of the South, the cloying odour of magnolia, lotus and orange-blossom, and the blaze of heavy-headed tropical blooms are for a time alluring; yet soon our senses become satiated with the overwhelming weight of colour and scent, the lusciousness palls upon us and we long for—what? A high plateau, wind-swept by the cool breezes born on the glaciers, where the air is light and keen, and Nature reigns in strict simplicity. On the heights of the Rocky Mountains the traveller finds a garden more beautiful than any made by man; there Nature has scorned all cultivation and sown her carpet of flowers with a lavish hand. What a contrast to the artificial garden of the South is this natural garden of the North! Spread out upon the summits of the ranges it lies exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun, until the very flowers seem to catch a reflection of his burning rays, so brilliant are their red and golden petals. Nature's garden in the Western Canadian mountains is not hemmed in by hedge or fence; for miles and miles it stretches forth up the warm sheltered valleys, and out over the great alpine meadows, ablaze with bud and bloom; it is softly cradled among the giant peaks of barren rock, and sweeps down to the mountain's foot in a great rippling tide of scarlet and blue, until lost to sight beneath the stately pine trees. Most wonderful is the vision of a bed of alpine wild flowers nestling in some secluded corner of the cliffs close to the eternal snows, where a tiny patch of soil has offered a home to wind-blown seeds which sun and dew have brought to fruition. In such a spot you will find the handsome white cups of the



J. W. Henshaw. YELLOW COLUMBINE.

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Western anemone (*Anemone occidentalis*), purple-shaded on the outside, and growing to a height of 18 in. on their woolly stems, the big fluffy seed-heads, which succeed the blossoms, being most attractive. Close by, on some upland pasture of short alpine turf, grows the translucent pasque-flower (*Anemone nuttalliana*), whose fine purple flowers bloom before the fringed foliage develops. Frequently you will find lovely specimens of this flower in full bloom standing up very straight on their thick, downy stalks, while the leaves, which are finely dissected, are still folded up in soft silkiness about the base of the plants. The five to seven sepals are pale purple outside, but almost white inside, and the floral cup contains numerous yellow stamens clustered close together round the green carpels. As time passes the stalks elongate, the purple flowers fall off and the seeds are formed; then the head presents a lovely plumose appearance, for to each seed is attached a long, silky tail, the whole forming a pretty feathery tuft. Both the Western anemone and the pasque-flower are extremely suitable for cultivation in English alpine gardens. At an equally high altitude, about 7,000 ft. above sea-level, grows the alpine anemone (*Anemone Drummondii*), which has a flower resembling a large white buttercup, and very thick stalks. The sturdy clumps of this handsome plant contrast well with the purple gentian (*Gentiana affinis*) and beard-tongue (*Pentstemon Menziesii*), which are its companions on many a rocky ledge.

As the melting snow retreats up the slopes of the British Columbian mountains in the spring, it leaves in its wake wet swampy spots, shaded by conifers, where great beds of globe-flowers (*Trollius laxus*) raise their conspicuous cups. Close to the borders of the alpine lakes at very high altitudes this exquisite white blossom may be found, its brilliant yellow centre gleaming in the sunshine, and its rich glossy foliage forming a superb setting for its perfect purity. It is a shining flower with



J. W. Henshaw. HAIRY HAWKWEED.

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J. W. Henshaw. MOUNTAIN PHACELIA.

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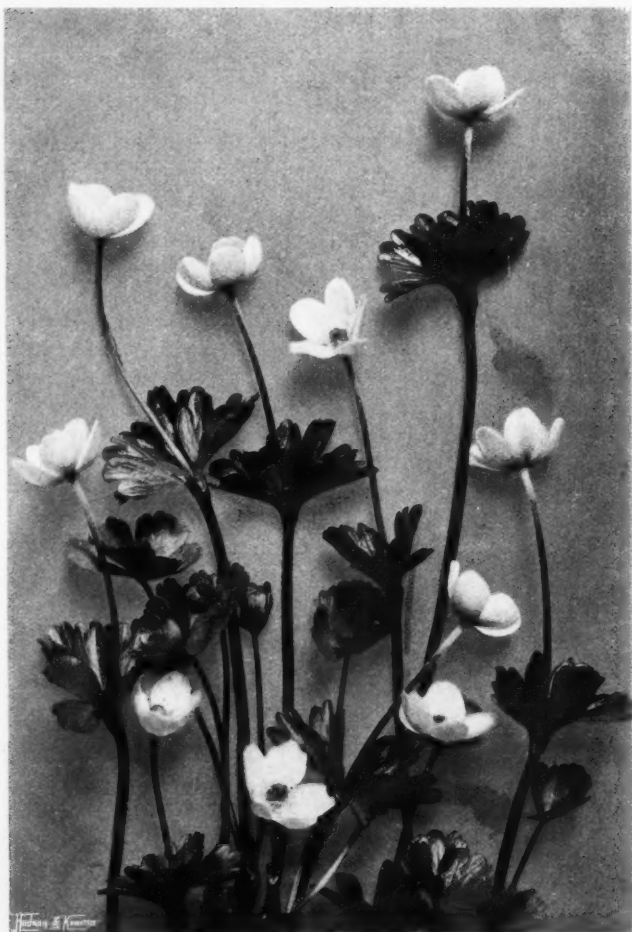
a heart of gold, and sometimes it may be seen growing up through the snow, a lovely harbinger of spring. A Western mountain trail leads the traveller to matchless scenes. First it winds slowly up through the evergreen forests, the thick cone-laden



J. W. Henshaw. THE PASQUE-FLOWER.

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branches entwining overhead, the ground below soft with fallen pine needles and the dim aisles lighted with the waxen flowers of the winter-green (*Moneses uniflora*) and bunch-berry (*Cornus canadensis*); then on over the banks of shale where the saxifrages (*Saxifraga bronchialis*, *S. cernua*, *S. nutkana*) and stonecrops (*Sedum stenopetalum*, *S. frigidum*) fill the crevices in between the piles of slanting stones that crumble away down into the dusky heart of the valley left far below. Harebells (*Campanula rotundifolia*) and yellow columbines (*Aquilegia flavescens*) fringe the extreme edge of the trail, and lovely clusters of purple mountain phacelia (*Phacelia sericea*) rear their spike-like panicles above the handsome deeply-cleft foliage, which is covered with a silky down. As the trail mounts higher and higher to meet the "tree-line" you will see to right and left big tracts of stony ground literally covered with hairy hawkweed (*Hieracium Scouleri*), an exquisite plant whose pale green stems, leaves and buds, thickly covered with fine silvery hairs, form an artistic contrast to the bright golden flowers. Here also grow huge beds of the white dryas (*Dryas octopetala*), which does not always have eight petals, as its name would indicate, but may be found with from six to twelve on a single flower. The name dryas is from the Latin signifying "a wood nymph," and



J. W. Henshaw. ALPINE ANEMONE.

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certainly the velvety petals of this dainty plant, growing amid a mass of silver-backed leaves, are sufficiently exquisite to warrant the appellation. On these same stony slopes grows the yellow dryas (*Dryas Drummondii*), with its insignificant nodding flowers and fine plumose seed-heads; the bladder-pod (*Physaria didymocarpa*), a most curious plant with tiny yellow cruciform blossoms springing out from beneath rosettes of pale green leaves, the large inflated seed-pods being very conspicuous; leptarrhena (*Leptarrhena pyrolifolia*), rockcress (*Arabis Holboellii*, *A. confinis*, *A. Drummondii*) and fleabane (*Erigeron acris*, *E. salsuginosus*, *E. lantus*).

The small plant-like shrubs of the birch-leaved spiræa (*Spiræa lucida*), crowned in August by clusters of creamy flowers faintly tinged with pink, that smell extremely sweet, flourish beside the orange lilies (*Lilium philadelphicum*) flaming out from a bank of ferns; the yellow-flecked magenta calypso (*Calypso borealis*), growing in its solitary beauty from a single bulb, with a single leaf at the base of its slender stem, larkspur (*Delphinium Brownii*, *D. columbianum*), garlic (*Allium Schœnoprasum*), mint (*Mentha canadensis*), brunella (*Brunella vulgaris*) and shooting stars (*Dodecatheon pauciflorum*) all spring to life at every step. Higher up still, the heaths and heathers mantle the ground: the red false heather (*Bryanthus empetriflorus*) there



is no true heather indigenous in Canada—a low branching shrub growing abundantly in the Rocky Mountains); it is a wonderful sight to see acre on acre of alpine meadow-land covered with its beautiful bells, until the slopes seem literally clothed in a glorious robe of rose red heather); false white heather (*Bryanthus glanduliflorus*) and white heath (*Cassiope mertensiana*). Many a traveller in British Columbia knows how true are the lines:

When summer comes the Heather bell  
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;

and many a man has echoed in  
his heart:

Here's to the Heath, the hill, and the  
Heather,  
The bonnet, the plaidie, the kilt and  
the feather;

Here's to the heroes that Scotland can  
boast,

May their names never die—that's a  
Highlandman's toast.

For truly a love for the heath and the heather is common to every mountain-climber and lover of Nature. The pink false heather (*Bryanthus intermedia*) is a very rare plant, and was first reported by me from the Selkirk Mountains in 1901. It has lovely pale pink bells and foliage similar to that of *B. empetrifolius*. On the very summits of the mountain passes, at an altitude of from 7,500ft. to 10,000ft., grow *aplopappus* (*Aplopappus Brandegei*), *collinsia* (*Collinsia parviflora*), *bedstraws* (*Galium boreale*, *G. triflorum*), Arctic poppy (*Papaver nudicaule*), alum root (*Heuchera ovalifolia*), Arctic coltsfoot (*Petasites frigida*), whitlow grass (*Draba incana*, *D. alpina*, *D. aurea*), stitchwort (*Stellaria longipes*), rock sandwort (*Arenaria biflora*), Alpine



J. W. Henshaw

WESTERN ANEMONE.

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spots specially prepared for their habitat in Great Britain; but others, very beautiful and fragrant, are as yet total strangers to the Motherland. These latter might with great advantage be introduced into England.

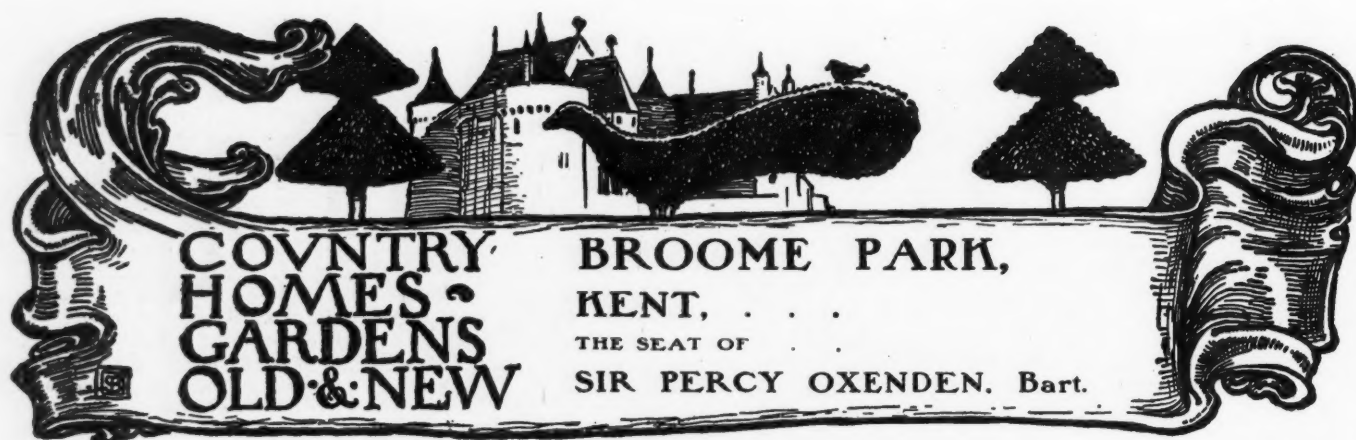
JULIA W. HENSHAW.



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A CANADIAN ALPINE FLOWER GARDEN.

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**E**AST KENT has been essentially a little land to itself, a district with its own social history. It was dominated by no vast estate or overshadowing family, but teemed with pleasant houses of some presence and importance that were the homes of good families—quite fully conscious of their own worth and descent—who, while certainly taking their fair share in the general business and history of their country at large, yet especially foregathered and mated, gossiped and acted within their particular section of their particular country. "Thomas Ingoldsby" knew them well when in "The Wedding Day" he sang of

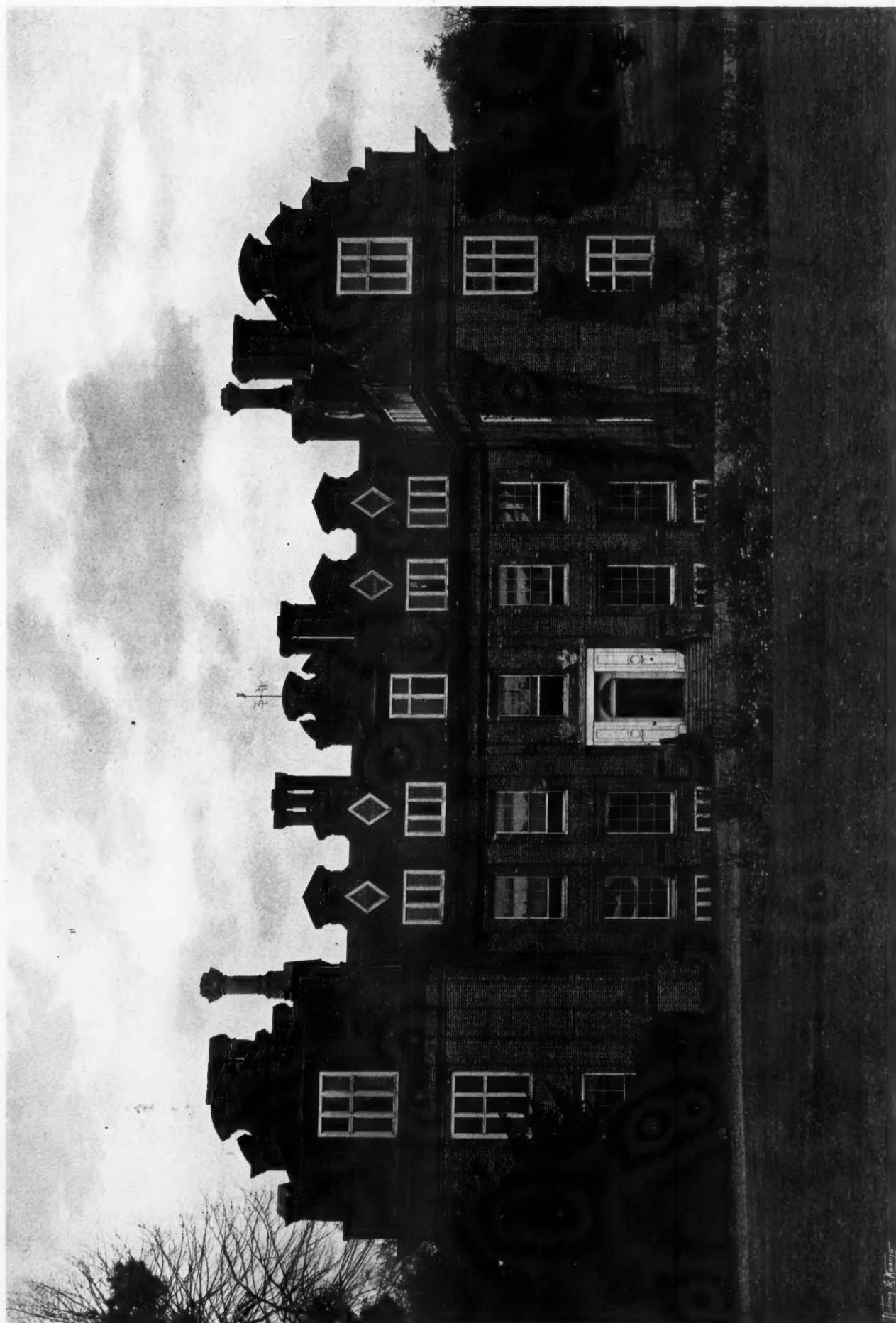
The Elite of the old country families round,  
Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull and Norton,  
Matthew Robinson too, with his beard from Monk's Horton.  
The Faggs and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings and Deedes,  
And Fairfax (who then call'd the Castle of Leeds his).

Yet how few of them survive in their old homes! Finch-Hattons have long been superseded at Eastwell by a prince and a financier, Tokes hold Godinton no longer, Derings have abandoned both Surrenden and Barham Court, and the latter's neighbour, stately Broome of the Oxendens, stands deserted and cold. The fact is that in East Kent there were rather too many places and families of accepted position, and

rather too few acres, in most cases, behind the backs of the places and the families to support them in a fashion which was considered their due; so that here, even more than in other parts of England, has the *débâcle* of the old families been of late times noticeable, and the places now owned and occupied by the families who owned and occupied them 100 years ago can almost be counted on the fingers. This makes the history of a place like Broome especially interesting, for there is an old-world flavour about it of a *régime* whose lingering traces are one by one being blotted out, as the newcomer occupies the ground. Of all the families who were born, wedded and buried for some centuries hereabouts, none, perhaps, is more picturesque in history and character, more typical in life and action, than the Oxendens, whose ancestor, Solomon Oxinden, was of Oxinden in Nonington parish when Edward III. was king. His son was Prior of Canterbury's great monastic house, and was, at his death in 1338, buried in the Cathedral. From that time the family was on the upward grade. Dene in Wingham parish became the seat of the head of the family; but other estates were acquired, and other members of the family established themselves in neighbouring places. Of these was Henry Oxenden, poet, gardener and gossip, who succeeded his father, Richard, a cadet of the Dene house, at Great Maydeken in Barham, and whose manuscript volume of poems, Biblical notes,





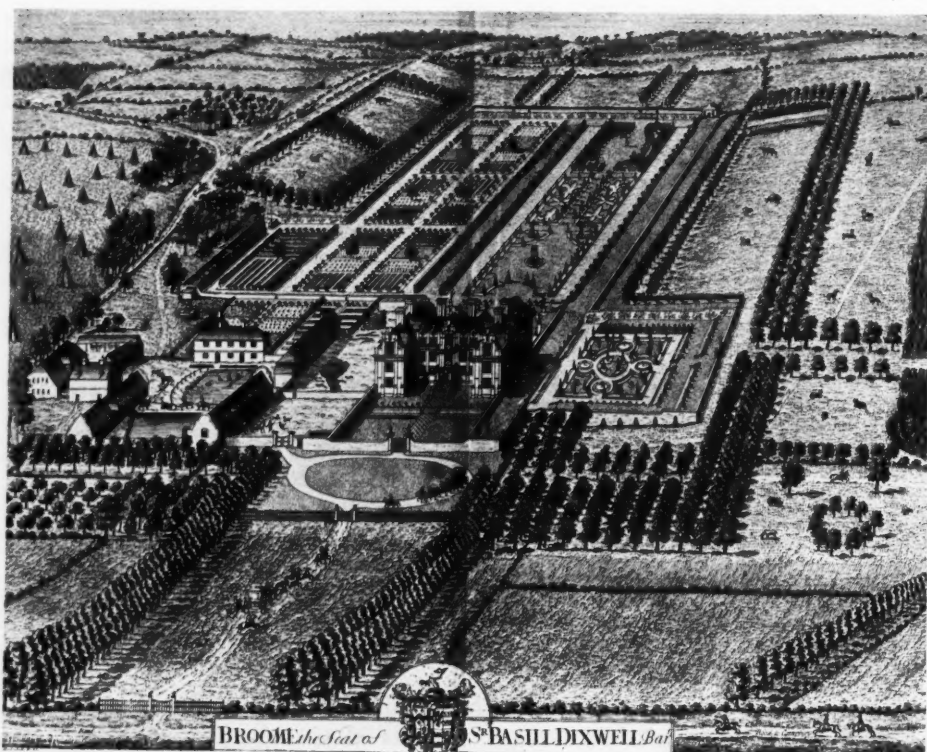


NORTH-EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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family genealogies and diary of local events and individual doings still survives in his family, and gives us an insight into the lives and habits of the East Kent gentry during a large part of the seventeenth century and even earlier. In it we read that "Deane House was built by my great grandfather Henrie Oxinden Esqre Ano Dni 1584." Of which much-mullioned and many-gabled house we have a picture only; for it was pulled down in 1830, Broome having long ere that become the chief Oxenden seat. Broome was a manor in Barham parish, and therefore near Great Maydeken, but did not in the seventeenth century belong to Henry Oxenden's relations. It had been part of the lands of a family who in the sixteenth century produced three generations of able men, and who took their name from another estate in the same parish. Diggs Court still stands, a modest manor house, amid the green meadows of the valley, but is now merely a farm. Here, in Henry VIII.'s time, lived John Diggs, father of two sons, of whom the elder inherited the Court, but the younger had the Broome manor for his portion. This Leonard Diggs is described by Fuller, in his "Kent Worthies," as "the best architect in that age for all manner of buildings for convenience, pleasure, state and strength, being excellent in fortifications." Dying in 1571, he was succeeded by his son Thomas, who walked in his father's footsteps, and became famous for his "rare knowledge in geometry astrology and other mathematical sciences." He published many of his father's and his own books; he was often called in to advise in matters of military defence (these were Spanish Armada days); he repaired Dover Harbour, sat in Parliament and was himself followed by a distinguished son, Dudley Diggs, whose "understanding few could equal, his virtues fewer would." He, however, was not a scientific, but a legal and commercial authority. Born in 1583, he was an early and active member of the new East India Company. He



FROM BADESLADE'S "VIEWS OF SEATS IN KENT."

was sent by James I. on commercial missions to Russia and Holland, and his opinion carried much weight in the House of Commons on mercantile subjects. His attacks on monopolies and his fearless expression of popular opinions on the subject of Royal prerogative got him, more than once, into trouble with the ruling powers; but his occasional opposition was condoned, and he was knighted and given the Mastership of the Rolls in 1636. Meanwhile the Broome lands had ceased to belong to the Diggs family. There is no mention of any house there at this time, and Leonard Diggs had sold it and settled at Wootton, some



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SOUTH-WEST ANGLE.

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"COUNTRY LIFE"

THE NORTH ANGLE

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three miles off. Sir Dudley did better, for he had, through his wife, acquired the fine Chilham Castle estate on the Stour above Canterbury. Who the purchaser of Broome may have been seems uncertain; but we find it, early in the seventeenth century, in the possession of Basil Dixwell, the second son of a Warwickshire family, who had inherited from a maternal uncle several Kentish estates, with residences at Trimlingham and Folkestone. Basil Dixwell at once assumed a leading position in the county of his adoption. He was member for Hythe in 1626, Sheriff of Kent in 1627 and created a baronet in 1628. His inherited abodes did not satisfy him; he saw the amenities of his Broome estate, he set to work to create there a seat after the completest fashion of his day, and the operation was watched with interest by Henry Oxenden, who had succeeded his father at Great Maydeken in 1629. In a sheltered lap of the wind-swept downs, on the high road between Dover and Canterbury and halfway between them, protected by hanging woods and sloping westward towards Barham's pleasant church and village, Sir Basil found an excellent site, and in 1634 he "diked and quicksetted the great pasture fields and laid them to pasture which before had been arable ground time out of the memory of Man," with the result that Broome House now stands in a notably-timbered park of

of 1638. Amid all these details there is no mention of an architect, which sheds a sidelight upon the early position and functions of that profession. Up to the seventeenth century "surveyors"—such as John Thorpe—drew models, as we learn from Shakespeare, but these models were merely ground plans and elevations on no great or detailed scale. The "surveyor" did not necessarily visit or superintend the building, and his plan was altered and filled in as to detail and interior work by the chief mason, carpenter, and plasterer—each in his own sphere—who retained much of their mediæval position as artist craftsmen. But in the seventeenth century the architect proper does appear, "who," as Mr. Gotch explains, "not only designed the plan and elevations of the building, but also the details of its various parts and of its ornament. Inigo Jones may be taken as the first Englishman who combined the function of planner and designer of details." Even in Inigo's case this was exceptional, for he was much more a producer of Court masks than a builder of houses, other than Royal palaces and works, though often, for country places, elevations may have been obtained from him or adapted from his designs. Hence comes that large number of still more or less surviving houses (often built years after Inigo's death), whose owners, as in the case of Broome, assign them to the master



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FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

400 acres. Next year all was ready for the masons, and so we read in Henry Oxenden's diary that in "April 1635, Sr Basil Dixwell layd the foundation of the house at Broome, it was up by the middle of Nov: following, but although the maine house was buildd, reared and tiled by the time aforesaid, yet the in work, as sealing boarding etc., was not done till the end of the year 1636, and it was Sept following in the year 1637 before the joiners had made any great progress in wainscoting the rooms and it was St Mich: 1638 before they and the painters had finished their work and made the house ready for Sr Basil to come into it: who came thither about six weeks after that St Michael and tarried there till St Mich: 1639." "Twentie and Seaven hundred thousand bricks" were made on the estate for the building operations, and many thousands were bought—probably the fine moulded bricks of the pilasters, cornices and gable pediments—and the house and outhouses were said, by the owner, to have cost him £8,000. Stable, brewhouse and garden wall had also been a-building meanwhile, orchard and timber trees ("an hundred walnuts" among them) had been set, and walks had been cut in Broome wood; so that not merely was the paint dry within, but the surroundings of the mansion were more or less complete and orderly for that November house-warming

without there being any evidence that he was directly concerned in their erection. Broome clearly was designed by an adept in his art, and bears close semblance to Inigo's style when he was in a national and Northern mood and left Italy out of his mind. It is, in its general scheme and in its pilasterings and mouldings, singularly like the garden-house at Charlton, near Woolwich, which is close to where Inigo himself had a house, and which he certainly seems to have designed. But the total absence of his name or that of any architect in the Oxenden diary tends to show that Broome was built after the ancient manner of the leading craftsmen, who received a general sketch from London and supplied themselves the rest of the mental as well as of the muscular work. How much more, after the autumn of 1639, Sir Basil Dixwell used his new home does not appear; but it was at Folkestone that the Oxendens, both of Dene and of Maydeken, visited him in 1641, and it was at Folkestone that he died in the following year, though he was buried at Barham. He had never married, and he willed his property to his elder brother's elder son, Mark, who himself shortly afterwards died, leaving a boy of three to succeed him. In trust for him, as guardian during the long minority, Broome was held by his uncle John, whom we find building the dove-cote in 1651, and next year erecting the great



wall which still encloses the ample and sheltered kitchen garden. But the mere fostering of his nephew's estates did not satisfy John Dixwell's ambitions, for which, as practical owner for eighteen years of the great Dixwell inheritance, there was an ample field. Returned to the Long Parliament for Dover in 1646, he adopted ultra-Parliamentarian views, was one of the commissioners for the trial of Charles I., attended regularly and signed his name to the death warrant. In the times that followed we find him a

eighty-two. Profiting by his disappearance and his change of name, his family ignored the regicide's existence, and excluded him from their genealogies; and Hasted, though mentioning the other Dixwells and their doings, passes over in silence the only member of the family who has found a place—though not an enviable one—in his country's annals. Even neighbour Oxenden at Maydeken is very discreet on this subject, and all we find after the dovecote and kitchen garden entries is the terse phrase,



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PART OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

member of the Council of State, and, as colonel of a Kentish regiment, entrusted with the defence of the South-East Coast. At the Restoration he was, with other impenitent regicides, excluded from the amnesty and intended for condign punishment; but, feigning illness when they came to arrest him, he slipped oversea, and Broome and England saw him no more. After being a while in Germany, he found his way to America, where he changed his name to Davids, and died in 1689 at the age of

"May 1660 Col: Dixwell left the Kingdome." Indeed, what is remarkable about Henry Oxenden's diary is the total absence of all mention of public affairs. While a king lost his head and a brewer became Lord Protector, while father fought against son, and castles and mansions were wrecked and plundered, while the whole government and laws of the country were in the melting-pot, this highly-intelligent and gifted Kentish gentleman went on quietly and undisturbed with his home life. He paved his green court,

built his porch, made hearth-places in his parlours, wainscoted his great chamber, planted and gave away apple, pear, plum and cherry trees out of his nursery, and watched and measured the yearly growth of his loved plantations and orchards. Of all of this, and of all the births, deaths and marriages among his much-intermated coterie, we have the careful record in his tiny, close-set, yet wholly legible handwriting, and occasionally so portentous an entry as this: "Mar: 30 1656 sent my son Tho: a letter of 48 pages." Poor son Thomas! What wild oats had he been sowing to reap such a parental crop of advice? That the Dixwell family in no sense shared John's views, or were involved in his disgrace, is clear from the fact that his ward and nephew, on coming of age in the Restoration year, had his great-uncle's baronetcy re-created on his behalf. But he did not long survive to enjoy the favour of his sovereign or the possession of his estates. He died in 1668, and left, as his father had done before him, a son of three years of age to inherit title and lands. This last of the Dixwells, however, followed his uncle John in constitution if not in character. For eighty-two years was Broome his, and then, in 1750, he passed away, and appointed as his heir his

for his biographer sums him up in a concise but pregnant sentence: "He was notorious for his profligacy," and he who is curious in such matters may read of his "deeds of gallantry" in "Hervey Memoires" or "Montagu Letters." His morals, however, were no bar to his public career, for he sat for Sandwich in five Parliaments, and was successively a Lord of the Admiralty and of the Treasury. It was his son George whom Sir Basil Dixwell appointed heir to Broome on condition of his taking the Dixwell name. But he died in 1753, leaving Broome to his father, who gave it to his surviving son, Henry. There Henry lived for twenty-two years, until his father's death gave him also Dene and the headship of the family. At Broome he was, and at Broome he still elected to remain, and the decline and ultimate destruction of Dene dates from this day. Yet Broome, now the chief seat, was susceptible of enlargement and improvement in the style of the day, and it was put into the hands of James Wyatt in 1778. Son of a Yorkshire timber merchant, who did a bit of architecting, James drew so well at fourteen that Lord Bagot took him with him to Rome. Returning in 1766 at the age of twenty, he was elected an A.R.A. in 1770, and in 1772 adapted the



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ENTRANCE HALL.

COUNTRY LIFE.

sister's grandson, who was an Oxenden of Dene. This family, whom we last heard of as visiting the first Sir Basil Dixwell, had done well all this time. Sir Henry, who had taken as his third wife Mark Dixwell's widow, was made a baronet in 1678, his younger brother George went into the East India Company's service, and we find his cousin Henry of Maydeken "going on board the Smyrna ship" in April, 1656, to wish him God-speed on his way to the Indies. He became Governor of Bombay and President of the East India Company in India, Persia and Arabia, and lies at Surat, where a stately monument commemorates him. His nephew Henry followed in his wake and became Deputy-Governor of Bombay, but in 1708 succeeded to Dene and the baronetcy. He had a younger brother, George, who went in for a University career and became Professor of Civil Law and Master of Trinity Hall at Cambridge. He it was who married Elizabeth Dixwell, and thus brought Broome to his grandson on the death of Sir Basil in 1750. At this date the Master of Trinity Hall was dead, and his second son, George, had succeeded an elder brother and two uncles, who had all died childless, at Dene and in the baronetcy. The respectable mantle of the head of the Cambridge college had not fallen on him,

old Pantheon for theatrical performances with such success that he at once became the vogue in the Græco-Roman style. It was while this phase was yet upon him that Sir Henry Oxenden employed him. Ere long the confectionery mediævalism of Horace Walpole infected him, and he became the prophet of neo-Gothicism, building Fonthill for Beckford, and so dealing with several of our cathedrals that, even in his day, he earned the name of "the Destroyer." How pure and elegant was his classic taste, and how like that of his contemporaries, the brothers Adam, may be seen by the illustration of the Broome drawing-room. We may regret that he touched the old H-shaped mullioned house, and put sashes to the hall and bedrooms over on the north side, and filled up the space between the southern wings with his semi-circular-ended addition; but the room that addition contains is certainly a fine one, and an admirable example of a distinct and excellent architectural style. The same illustration gives us a sample of the very numerous and unusually good family portraits which Broome House contains, together with many other interesting and valuable pictures. The upper picture on the right is Hudson's portrait of the "wicked" Sir George, whose intrigue with the lady over the



chimney-piece—his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thompson—is made the most of, as is his wont, by Lord Hervey in his Memoirs. The lower picture on the left is Sir Peter Lely's portrait of her mother, Lady Arabella Churchill, James II.'s mistress, while the companion picture on the right is again a Sir Peter, and represents the wife of Sir James Oxenden, the second baronet.

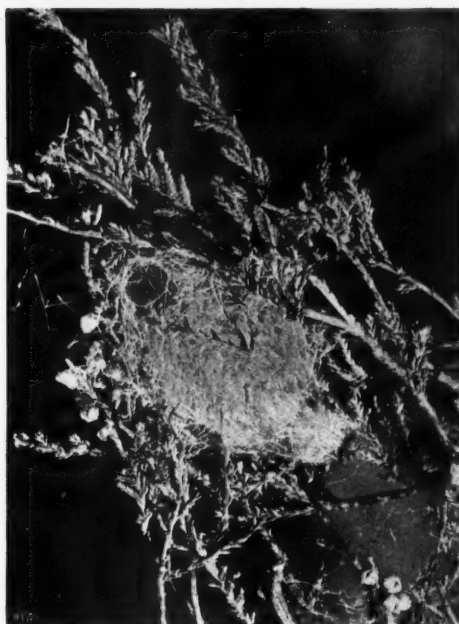
Since the day when Sir Henry Oxenden enlarged and altered Broome it is little changed. It has of late time somewhat declined, but in no sense decayed. The gardens which the Dixwells laid out and which Kip engraved are gone, but their position is clear, and such traces remain as lead one to the conclusion that in this case Kip was not over-imaginative. What were plantations of young stuff in the plate we reproduce are now great trees and fine avenues. The structure of the house is as sound as ever, and exhibits an extraordinarily good bit of brickwork design admirably toned and weathered by age. The moment of its enlargement was also the moment of its family's highest fortunes. They then held Broome and Dene, and estates in Oxfordshire

and Devonshire. But the nineteenth century was a century of decline, when estates fell away and no new ones were added to fill the gaps. Time came when Broome and 5,000 acres—better for amenity and sport than as rent producers—alone were left, and when the season of agricultural depression came it brought with it days of straitened means and lessened upkeep, and now of the enforced abandonment of the old home by its owners. No doubt a new possessor will shortly own it whose means will allow him to do justice to its merits and its charm, will restore it and its surroundings to their ancient splendour, will bring grist to the mill of the denizens of the estate and parish. This may be so, and it may have its advantages. Yet it is allowable to regret the passing away of the old order with all its history and associations, all its tangible memorials of brick and stone, of graven wood and painted canvas; and all would rejoice if an unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune should, even yet, permit the continuance, in its old prosperity and in its old haunts, of the capable and virile race of old Solomon Oxinden de Oxinden in *agro Cantiano*.  
H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## THE BIRTH OF AN EMPEROR MOTH.

ONE of our first heralds of the insect world is the Emperor Moth. Even as early as the middle of April, in forward seasons, the country rambler may notice a curious, tiny face peering at him most fiercely from a heather tuft. A closer inspection, however, will reveal no angry visage, but the softest tinted wings of a moth, each one bearing a brilliant peacock "eye" in its centre. There, as it rests on the heather, after its trying struggles in its escape from the cocoon, the insect might conceivably be an easy prey to its numerous enemies. But the spots give it such an angry and dangerous appearance that many birds would rather seek a meal elsewhere than risk a combat with so deadly-looking an opponent. A few days after birth the female moth lays her eggs in clusters round the stem of some low-growing herb, and with such unerring instinct that the plant chosen is always one upon which the future caterpillars naturally feed. Shortly after making these family arrangements she dies, leaving her future progeny to shift for themselves.

Towards the end of July the plump green caterpillar ceases to feed, and wanders off in search of a favourable place in which to change to a chrysalis. When some clump of heather or other matted undergrowth has been discovered to his liking, the young Emperor proceeds to enclose



B. H. Bentley.

COCOON.

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of opening the cocoon would be by no means an easy one, for it is extremely tough. If, then, a comparatively strong enemy cannot force an entrance, it seems that so tender an insect as the moth must for ever remain incarcerated within the prison of his own weaving. But all this has been faultlessly pre-arranged by Dame Nature. The cocoon is shaped somewhat like a pear, and is open at the narrower end. The walls of this tubular part are furnished with a number of stiff silken bristles which point outwards. If a small enemy, like a beetle, were to attempt to enter at the open end, it would catch on these spines, and the more it tried to force a way in the stiffer would the opposition become. However, when the moth attempts to escape these bristles are quite easily forced aside from within, and with such slight effort that the insect comes out with hardly a scale of his plumage displaced. But let us go back to the torpid chrysalis within its silken covering. There it has lain all the autumn and winter, slowly developing from a caterpillar to an insect capable of flight.

When the frosty months and drenching rains have given place to the welcome sunshine of spring, the entombed Emperor forces off the mask which covered his head and legs, and after freeing his limbs crawls quickly to the tubular exit of his prison. Here the broken shell of the chrysalis, which still adheres to the creature's body, catches in the silk, and is held back firmly while the moth makes a final effort to rid himself of this clinging remnant. When quite free he forces his way out of the cocoon, as already described, the stiff bristles yielding willingly to the gentle pressure from within. Our Emperor now finds himself no longer cramped in a darkened prison, but surrounded by a sea of nodding bluebells, while overhead the birds are crazy in their praises of the welcome sunshine. But though now a moth, he finds he is still quite unable to fly, for his wings as yet are but tiny flaps which hang limply at his sides. The space in the cocoon and chrysalis was very limited, far too small for the ample wings



W. B. Johnson. WINGS BUT TINY FLAPS.

Copyright.

himself in a tough yellowish silken cocoon. After a week or so in this oval chamber, the caterpillar changes to a dumpy brown chrysalis, there to remain until the warmth of early summer once more calls him to activity. The cocoon in which this period of quiescence is passed is wonderfully adapted to its special requirements. It is securely moored to its support by tough strands of silk, and is of such a colour that an enemy of the insect might easily mistake it for a dead leaf, or, indeed, might even fail to notice it at all. If the keen eye of some hungry bird were to spy it and realise its contents, the task



W. B. Johnson. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Copyright.



W. B. Johnson.

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**THE WINGS LENGTHENING & SWELLING.**

which an insect of his bulk would require. The first thought of our newly-born moth is to find some object from which he can suspend himself a few inches from the ground. On this quest he scrambles aimlessly along until he stumbles across something which is likely to suit his purpose. On such a place as a heather moor or in a wood, some stick or twig is sure to be met with in a few minutes. Up, up he climbs, never resting till the highest point has been gained. So anxious are these moths to reach the top that not infrequently when they have arrived there, they tumble over the other side in their efforts to mount still higher. Yet should this happen the creature picks himself up in a most business-like manner and scrambles along till another support is encountered, where his efforts this time shall be more successful. When quite satisfied with his position, he settles himself comfortably and waits. The Emperor then is perfectly developed in everything but wings, which, as we have said, are quite small and limp, and altogether unsuited for flight. They are, however, the correct shape, and the pattern and colours are all plainly visible. At this stage the creature is quite helpless, and while unable to fly is at the mercy of all its numerous enemies. Dame Nature has, therefore, found a way of quickly perfecting these wings in the most marvellous manner. The method is as simple as it is effective, and is the usual one employed by all winged insects in their expansion of these limbs. As will be seen from our fifth photograph (which was taken only 7 min. later than the second), the wings are supplied with large veins, which run outwards from the body. These give rise to smaller channels, which in their turn support tiny veins which ramify every portion of the tissue. When in the limp condition the wings may be compared to a flat elastic bag whose sides are firmly sewn together at various points all over their surfaces. If, now, water were forced into this, the bag would be considerably stretched in length and breadth, but the sewings would prevent any appreciable swelling in thickness. Such is the case with the wings of a moth. Blood is pumped from the body, causing them to expand in length and breadth, while their thickness is unaltered. When the insect is quite settled and quiet, this blood is forced into the main arteries of the wings, causing them to cockle and bulge. Gradually this greenish fluid is distributed throughout their whole substance until they have stretched to their normal

size and become quite flat. In this same spot the insect remains, uneasily inclining himself first to one side then to the other. All this time the moisture in the blood which expanded the wings is evaporating off through the pores, leaving a material which has somewhat the consistency of



W. B. Johnson.

Copyright.

**THE PERFECT MOTH.**

starch. It is this substance which gives to an insect's wings the well-known rigidity, and the Emperor is unable to fly until this has properly hardened.

Our Emperor is now a perfectly-developed moth. In the gleam of sunshine he slowly vibrates his gorgeous wings. The vibrations become more and more rapid, when, with a sudden dart upwards, he madly careers across the wood and is lost to the eye in the brown haze of tangled undergrowth.

WALFORD B. JOHNSON.

**IN THE . . .  
GARDEN.**

IN ROSE-TIME.

**T**HIS is the Rose-time of the year. The exhibitions are over for the most part, but the glorious legacy of Roses we have inherited from the great raisers of the past are in the full phase of their summer beauty. The writer is sitting in a garden of Roses. Rectangular beds, containing twelve plants apiece, adorn the drive, and opposite to these is a Tudor-like garden, also filled with Roses, consisting of misses of the Hybrid Perpetual Frau Karl Druschki, Camoens, a great favourite, the crimson-coloured Liberty, Mme. Abel Chatenay, queen of the Hybrid Teas, and the always welcome La France. These were planted last autumn, and not a single death has occurred.

The Roses by the drive have a ground covering of Pansies, but this is not satisfactory unless the greatest care is taken to keep the Pansies within bounds. At this season of the year the growth becomes most unruly, to the detriment of the Roses, which enjoy air and sunshine to give colour to the flowers and vigour to the growth.

Without the climbing and half-climbing kinds the English garden would lose much in interest and beauty. Over a rough oaken open fence a number of Roses are in flower, their growths smothered with blossom.

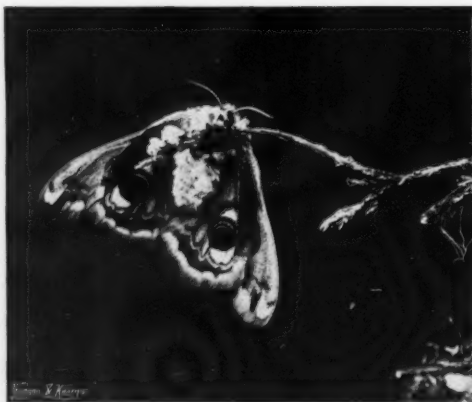
A great point in planting is not to put vigorous plants against those of weaker constitution. The lovely apricot-coloured Billiard et Barre would fare badly against the early-flowering Conrad F. Meyer or one of the Penzance Briars. The marriage is not a happy one. It may interest those who are making notes of the summer Roses to know the names of a few sorts which have given



R. H. Bentley.

FEMALE.

Copyright



R. H. Bentley.

**UNDER-SURFACE OF WINGS.**

Copyright.

**FULL-GROWN MALE.**



great satisfaction, and they are taken in the order in which they are planted. Jersey Beauty is one of the joys of the garden. We have described it before, and one of its chief charms is its almost evergreen character. Long after the foliage of the deciduous trees has fallen, Jersey Beauty is thick with beautiful dark green glossy leaves, from among which in late June and early July peep out hundreds of creamy yellow single flowers of the size of those of the hedgerow wilding. Perhaps in time we shall have a race of quite evergreen Roses, as no one knows the great possibilities in Rose hybridising of the future. Then next to this, flinging its brilliant rose purple shoots in wild profusion, is Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, a Rose beloved by that great rosarian, whose early death we so deeply deplore—Mr. T. W. Girdlestone. The flower is semi-double, but one of the brightest in the garden in June. Macrantha, the single Rose of the colour of our wilding, but with firmer petals; Crimson Rambler; Gloire de Dijon; the Penzance Briar; Early Penzance, the flowers of a warm copper salmon colour, and much like those of the Austrian Briar; the single dark Rose Leuchstern; Stanwell Perpetual, double white, with a faint rose tint in the petals; Gustave Regis, conspicuous for its perfect apricot bud, which opens out an immense, loose, graceful flower, almost white; The Garland, set with a thousand white flowers—a beautiful fountain of blossom; Mme. Alfred Carrière, a popular double white variety; Conrad F. Meyer; Thalia, crowded with little pearly sweetly fragrant clusters; Euphrosyne, rose pink, except for a dull yellow centre; Anne of Geierstein, a large single crimson flower, with the fragrant leaves of the Penzance Briar group, to which it belongs; Alberic Barbier, a warm yellow flower; the famous Dundee Rambler; and a Rose which is little known, Lady Waterlow. This is a recent introduction, and though it appears weakly in growth the flowers are delightful.

A well-known rosarian recommends the following sorts in some notes sent to the writer. Daniel Lacombe is described as a "beautiful rambler that is apt to be overlooked in the stream of annual novelties. The clusters of buds before they open are chamois yellow, but when expanded quite a flesh tint, shaded with yellow; this, mingled among the yellowish buds, has a very pretty effect. It blooms in late June, and is a sweet companion for Ruby Queen, Euphrosyne, Alberic Barbier and Anne of Geierstein.

"It is well that our memories are refreshed now and then with the charms of some of the old Roses. There is the beautiful Gallica Blanchfleur, for which I have a great affection, because of its earliness. It will open its delicate blush flowers a few days earlier than Mme. Plantier, and then it comes in most useful for cutting, for although not pure white, it passes for a white in ordinary decoration; this flower is medium in size, very flat, as most of the Gallicas are, and deliciously sweet. If this and many other old garden Roses were grown as low bushes and their shoots layered each season, one might have not only a lot of plants, but the layering promotes this low growth, so that a most decorative effect is obtained. Rose Flora began to open its buds on June 20th. It is without doubt the best of the older ramblers. We are probably indebted to the Royal Gardens, Kew, for the present popularity of this Rose, for great masses have been in the beautiful Rose Dell near the Pagoda for some years; the open flowers are shell pink in the centre, and fair to see. If such Roses as these are grown on short pillars, pruning them back now and then, they are most useful. Cuttings strike freely, and in two years plants may be obtained bearing a profusion of blooms from base to summit."

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

READING Mr. Whibley's introduction to *Poems of Lord Byron* (Jack, Edinburgh) has started a train of memories. During the youth of the present writer no one seemed to doubt the greatness of Byron as a poet. There still lingered, after the lapse of half a century or so, a touch of that feeling which made the boy Alfred Tennyson go out and carve "Byron is dead" on a rock at Somersby. Byron was a great figure, and even among those who denounced him as immoral it was taken for granted that he was an illustrious poet. Shelley and Keats were admired, but regarded as pygmies in comparison. There was more toleration than Mr. Whibley would admit. One has heard those who adhered most rigidly to the social and religious conventions of the moment talk of Byron's departures from the path of virtue with the same affectionate reprehension that is extended to a child who is at once a pickle and a favourite. Byron, even in their opinion, was not to be subjected to the tests that applied to other men. The discerning would quote such verse as:

Dear Becher you tell me to mix with mankind  
And I will not deny such a precept is wise,  
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind  
And I will not descend to a world I despise.

And the comment was to the effect that this was far from being the best of Byron's poetry, but it was Byron or Byronism to a T. It was common to hear the more energetic type of literary lad repeat with gusto and emphasis some of the most biting passages in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." "Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye" was a great favourite, but not more so than one or two others, such as:

Who both by precept and example shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.

And the bit about Coleridge:

Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegise an ass  
So well the subject suits his noble mind—

At that time, too, Byron was the poet of the elocutionist. "There was a sound of revelry by night" challenged

comparison with "Lochiel! Lochiel! Beware of the day"; and "The Isles of Greece" was as frequently recited as "The Death of Montrose." Young people hotly argued as to whether Byron or Tennyson were the greater poet. Indeed, we remember a night when this was the subject of debate at the meeting of a college society. The advocate of Tennyson, now a figure in the world of letters, but then a raw stripling, did not put his case very clearly; but as he quoted freely from the country idylls, not "The Idylls of the King," but "Locksley Hall," "The Grandmother," "The Miller's Daughter," and so on, it is easy now to see what he was driving at, viz., Tennyson's truth and sincerity, the precision of his thought, the purity of his language and his attainment of force without fury. Those who supported the opener made reference to a great many pieces that are not so highly esteemed by the critical of to-day: "Blow, bugles blow!" "As through the corn at eve we went," "Home they brought her warrior dead," and so forth. And for a time it seemed as though the Laureate, as Tennyson then was, were to have it all his own way. But at length one rose who, although he has been for many a year the quiet incumbent of a quiet living, was then regarded as one of the most brilliant young men of his day and not unlikely to play a great part in politics. He likened what had been repeated from Tennyson to the lisps of the nursery, and brought out Byron in contrast as being "a man's poet." Did Tennyson ever write anything like this, he asked, and declaimed in ringing tones:

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:  
Say, is not this Thermopylae?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!

Imagine the thunders of applause. The orator, warmed to his work, jeered again at Tennyson as a diluted milksop, and asked if there was such stuff in him as:

A light broke in upon my brain—  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard;  
And mine was thankful, till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery.

So he went on from piece to piece triumphant and irresistible. The voting was all for Byron that night.

Yet, and here is the point for Mr. Whibley to consider, not one of that enthusiastic band would to-day read Byron. Mr. Whibley's explanation does not meet the conditions. It is that: "In these days of free and compulsory education nothing is read save the newspaper, and Byron is paying the common penalty of grandeur." No, the apostasy is that of men who in youth knew Byron by heart. Unconsciously he supplies the reason in his essay. Of the thirty-nine (more or less) articles in the creed of Mr. Henley, and therefore of Mr. Whibley, the first and greatest was that the work of art should stand by itself and for itself. The circumstances under which it was composed were not to be considered. Did the author write it in ten minutes or in ten years, in the heyday of youth or in the shadow of death, that did not matter except to the outsider and the Philistine. But Mr. Whibley is compelled by his own sterling ability, and not less sterling honesty, to set this aside when dealing with Byron. Those most familiar with his usual arguments may well stare when they meet such sentences as "He could not detach himself from his experience. His poetry was but his life transmuted into another shape." One remembers a time when the highest praise that Mr. Whibley could bestow on his most valued friend was that "he had never been insulted by a popular success." But now we are asked to recognise "a rare discernment" in Byron's first public, and the introduction is largely taken up with canvassing incidents in the private life of Byron.

Not many people will agree with Mr. Whibley that it was Byron's happy lot to mellow with the years, and that "had Byron lived out his life he might have given us half-a-dozen Don Juans." How could anyone write that after comparing the spontaneous freshness and gay charm of the early parts with the artificiality and dulness of the later? At the death of Haidee the poem suffers an irretrievable loss, and it very obviously crumbles to bits when the Englishman appears on the scene.

It was very natural that Henley should have liked Byron and exaggerated his merits. The two had much in common—a strenuous energy, frankness, a determination "to live life," a sympathy with fighting in every shape and form—actual warfare, fencing, boxing and argument. Both, too, were in touch with what Dandyism represented and both loved *Wein, Weib und Gesang*.

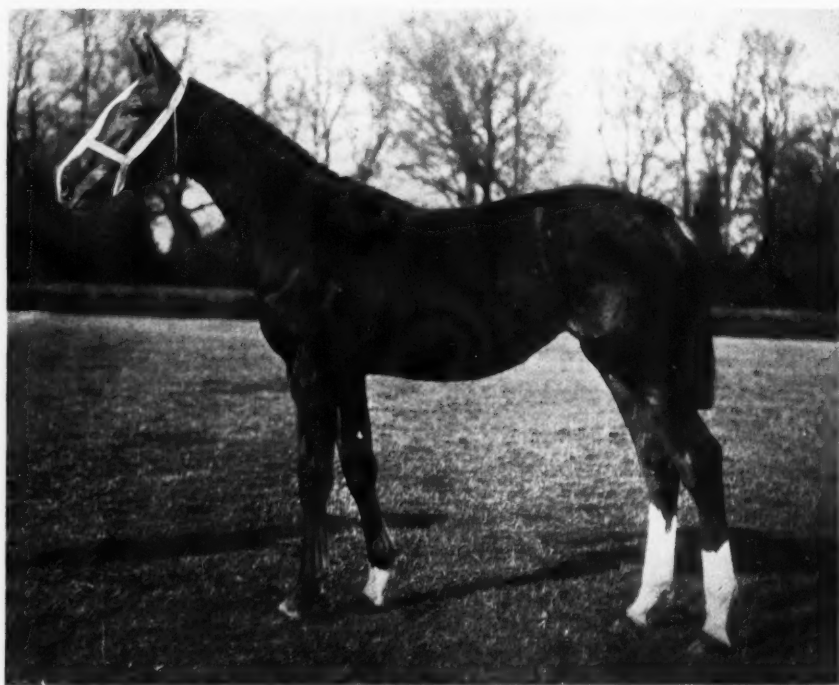
Henley was almost superstitious about the fact that two men whom he liked so well, Scott and Byron, resembled him in being lame. But all this was no equipment for estimating Byron's real place in literature or explaining why, though his personality is still so interesting, his poems are not read. Mr. Whibley's statement that nothing is read except the newspaper is merely a cliché. The contemporaries of Byron who had not his "rare talent for calling attention to himself," who possessed no advantage of noble birth, and did not draw all eyes by their manner of breaking the commandments—Wordsworth, for example, and Keats—are better understood, more frequently quoted, more truly appreciated now than they were when living.

Deeper reasons must be sought for the waxing and waning of Lord Byron's fame. Originally it arose more out of his dramatic personality than from the pure fount of verse. In looking over the slight volume which represents Mr. Whibley's choice of the best, we recognise in the well-known pieces the antitheses and other rhetorical devices of one who is neither

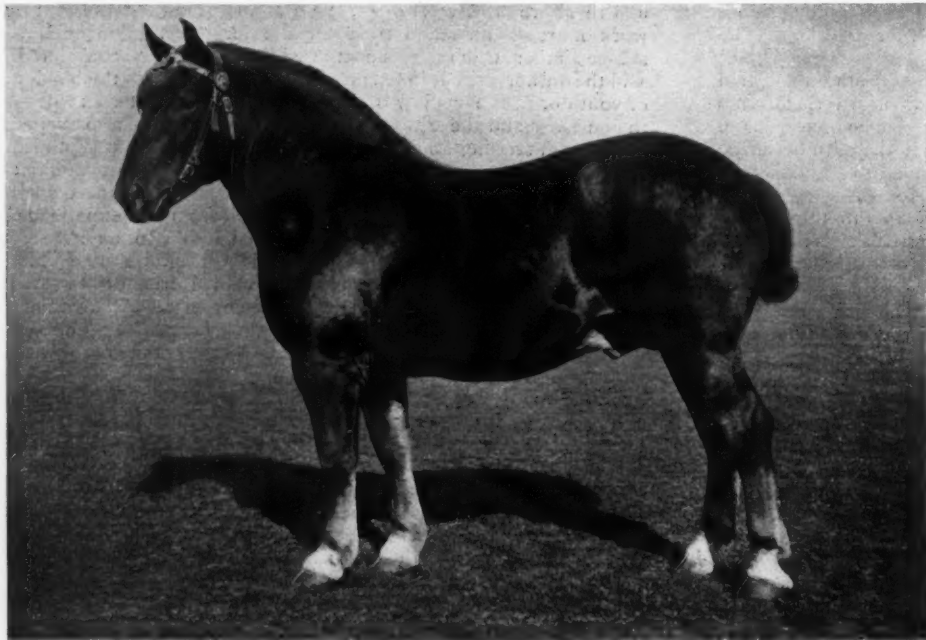
great poet nor great artist. A most trenchant criticism on them is supplied by the insufferable coloured pictures introduced into the text (and Mr. Whibley is an art critic!). The realistic monk "in thy gloomy cells and shades profound," the "two beings in the hues of youth" supply their own commentary to those who can read it. No, Mr. Whibley for once flatters the public, which was as wrong as it usually is. The stir in reality was about the passion-torn aristocrat who made the heaven resound with his sonorous lamentations as he "bore through Europe the pageant of a bleeding heart." And then he was of his own time and of no other. "His," as Matthew Arnold said, was "the strife of passion with eternal law," and the generation which followed the French Revolution had a peculiar interest in the bright, keen and talented rebel of England. Though an aristocrat, he was no gentleman in the true sense of the word. His snobbish references to Keats and the farewell letter to Lady Caroline would prove it even if there were no other evidence.

## THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

THE Royal Agricultural Society in general, and its president and secretary in particular, deserve to be congratulated on the splendid success of the show at Lincoln. Some time must, of course, elapse before it is possible to reckon out the profit and loss account and draw up a balance-sheet; but every possible indication tends to show that the very good results achieved at Derby will be excelled by those of Lincoln. The show itself might without exaggeration be described as the finest ever held. It is a commonplace to say that the exhibitions of the Royal are the best of their kind in Europe, but those who have attended these shows for more than a quarter of a century were at one in saying that this would compare favourably with the very best of its predecessors. It was not only that the entries were large, but the quality was surpassingly good. The finest animals from every part of England were placed on exhibition, and, in spite of the weather, the number of visitors was extremely good. More people paid at the gates than at those of the Derby Show, and, as it is believed that the expenses were not greater, it seems to be a reasonable inference that the return will be larger than it was on the previous occasion. Probably our readers will feel the greatest interest in the section devoted to Shire horses, and it certainly is worth their attention. A fact that could not fail to strike the visitor was the dominance of Forest King as a sire. A few years ago this place was held by Harold, and Harold colts and Harold fillies competed for the chief honours of the



Rough PRINCESS ROYAL, YEARLING HUNTER FILLY. Copyright



Rough. SUDBOURNE ARAB, CHAMPION SUFFOLK STALLION. Copyright

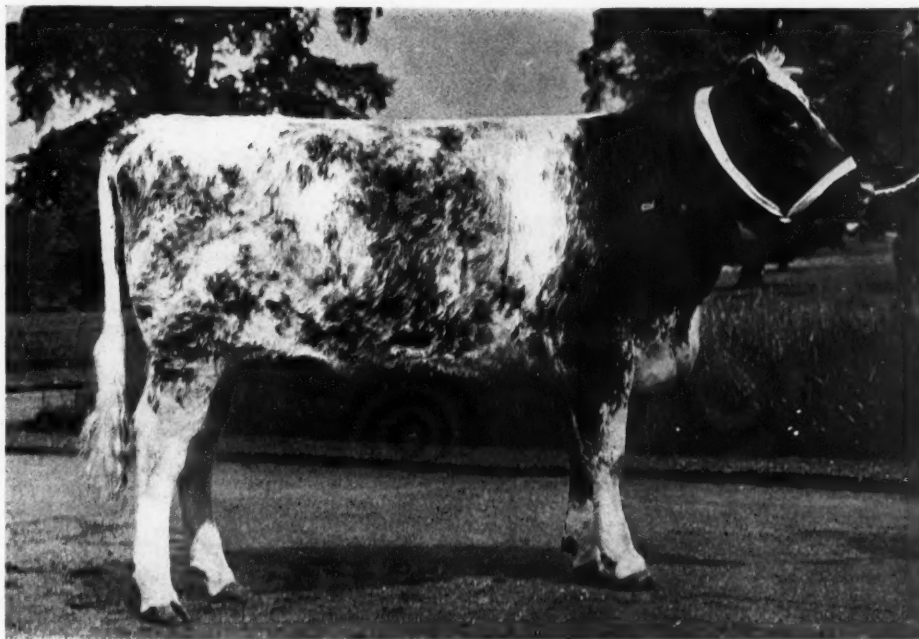
show. But at present that splendid stallion Forest King seems to have it a good deal his own way. The winner of the male championship, Mr. Farnsworth's Ratcliffe Forest King, was by Lockinge Forest King. That he beat Lockinge Truffle, by Lockinge Forester, is the best testimony that can be paid to his quality. In the class for stallions foaled in 1905 the winner was King Forest, by Lockinge Forest King. Mr. F. E. Muntz deserves to be congratulated on the possession of this splendid Shire. He succeeded in beating Hotspur IV., who is by Birdsall Menestrel out of Halstead Duchess II., Sir P. A. Muntz's Dunsmore President being third, and Mr. J. Measure's Constitution took the reserve badge. The class was exceptionally strong. In the class for stallions foaled in 1906 there were nine entries. Mr. James Gould's Lymm Grey, who was first in the Shire Horse Show, repeated his previous success. He is by Severn Bradford out of Darling. Mr. F. Farnsworth was second with Ratcliffe Coming King, another Lockinge Forest King horse. Lord Egerton's Tatton Settler was third. A glance over this list of winning stallions is enough to show what a valuable stud-horse the late Lord Wantage possessed. The champion female was also by Lockinge Forest King. She is a three year old



filly belonging to Mr. W. T. Everard, and is known as Bardon Marion. Lord Egerton was second with Tatton May Queen. For brood mare with foal at foot Lord Rothschild was first with Belle Cole, sired by Crossmoor Carbon, and the Duke of Sutherland was second with Lilleshall Moss Rose. Mr. Leopold Salomons was third with Childwick Youno. In the class for filly foals Sir A. Henderson scored easily with Rickford Dorothy, the Duke of Sutherland being second and Mr. Farnsworth being accorded the third place for another of Forest King's progeny. The Clydesdales are not so popular in England as the Shires, but the classes made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. In the first class there was only one competitor, a yearling colt belonging to Messrs. A. and W. Montgomery, who took first and second for two year old colts with Diploma and Gartly Bonus; Mr. A. B. Matthews secured third place with Baron Barsalloch. The Seabam Harbour Stud came to the front with the other sex, their Silver Pansy being an easy first in her class. Out of the same stable came Just Katie, who was fourth in the same class. We were glad to see that Mr. J. Ernest Kerr's Pyrene added one more laurel to her records. She not only won the first prize in her class, but was awarded the championship for females, that for stallions being awarded to Diploma, Messrs. Montgomery's two year old colt. He is by that great Clydesdale sire Everlasting. There was a very good entry of Suffolks, a dispute for first honours lying between Mr. Kenneth Clark and Mr. Alfred Smith. Rendlesham Major Gray, by the well-known stallion Saturn, was placed first, with Mr. Kenneth Clark's Sudbourne Arab second. In three year old stallions the same owner's Sudbourne Arib received a first and the championship. In two year old fillies Mr. Alfred Smith was in the front with Rendlesham Wedgy, another son of Saturn. In three year old fillies the two entries from Sudbourne Hall Stud beat all comers, and Mr. A. G. Smith's Sadie, by Saturn, was first in the class for mare with foal at foot. The Royal has ever been notable for its excellent display of shorthorn cattle, and this year it has surpassed itself. The choicest cattle of the kingdom were here assembled in competition with one another, and it is safe to say that many of those that were rejected, if they had been shown a few years previously would have secured first prize. In the class for bulls calved in 1902, 1903 and 1904 no fewer than twenty-six animals came before the judges, and a splendid lot they were. Mr. F. Miller may well be pleased with himself for having come off conqueror in such a field with Linksfield Champion, the well-known roan by Scottish Prince. Sir Richard Cooper's white Meteor was second and Mr. Toppin's Moonstone third. King Edward VII.'s Enchanter was only reserve here, despite his victories at the Home Counties Show and the Bath and West. Some amends were made to His Majesty, however, by the victory of Royal Windsor, a bull that we described rather fully a few weeks ago. Mr. R. Chatterton's Avondale was second and Mr. J. Deane Willis's Stonecrop third. It will be seen that this was a meeting of champions, but the class for bulls calved on or between July 1st and December 31st, 1905, was equally good. The first prize was won



ROYAL WINDSOR. TWO YEAR OLD SHORTHORN BULL.

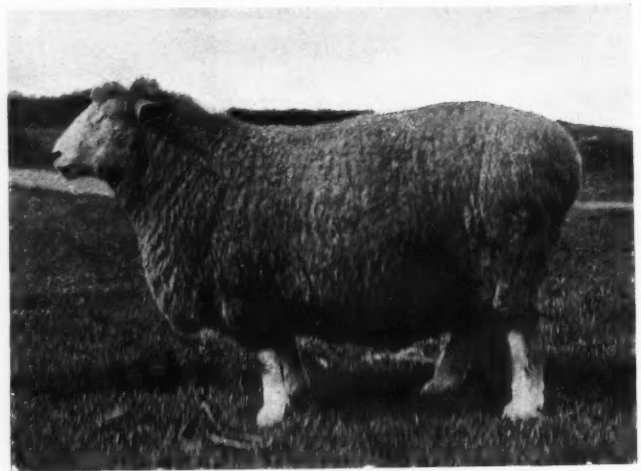


MARJORIE, YEARLING SHORTHORN HEIFER.



CHAMPION SHORTHORN COW, SWEETHEART.

by Mr. Handley's Diamond, by Parisian Diamond, who just secured the victory, with little to spare, from the Duke of Northumberland's Alnwick Favourite, by Bapton Favourite. There was a full entry of bulls calved during the first half of 1906. Hayle Viceroy was placed first and Mr. R. R. Rothwell's Lord Brilliant second. In the class for bulls calved during the latter half of 1906, Mr. Leon's Bletchley King, by Silver Mint, was first, with Bapton Forester second, and Mr. R. R. Rothwell's Scotland Yet third. The special prize offered by the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society to members of the Lincolnshire Society went to Mr. F. Miller's Linksfield Champion, with Mr. Chatterton's Avondale reserve. There was a good entry of cows in milk; Lord Calthorpe was first in those calved before 1903 with the ten year old Sweetheart, still with the bloom of youth on her. The runner-up was Towy Princess. Seven three year old heifers in milk were shown, and the first prize went to Mr. R. R. Rothwell's Lady Graceful. There were no fewer than twenty-eight competitors in the class for two year old heifers. The first prize went to Mr. R. Taylor for his beautiful Pitlivie Rosebud 2nd, while Mr. Phillips was second with Roan Pansy. Yearlings were still more numerous, and here the King was an easy victor with his fine roan Marjorie, by Royal Chieftain, while the second prize fell to Duchess of Ruddington 6th, shown by Earl Manvers. She is by King Christian of Denmark, that bull long famous in the stud of the late Mr. P. Mills. The milking classes for shorthorns justified the steps taken by the Royal Society to develop this type of dairy cow. Herefords made a large entry. In old bulls, Mr. A. E. Hughes led with his bull Pearl King, while the King's Admiral was second. Mr. H. J. Dent secured the first prize for two year old bulls with Perton; and in yearlings Mr. C. T. Pulley was first with Eaton Masterpiece. In cows calved before 1904 Mr. H. R. Evans was first with Ma Belle, with the Earl of Coventry's Madam second. The same winner produced the best yearling heifer, Lemster Plum, which also won the female championship. In Devons the Hon. E. W. Portman once more scored a victory with his bull Pound Pink Un, with Mr. J. C. Williams's Dianthus second. In the young bull class His Majesty was first with Chieftain, and the Hon. E. W. Portman had to be content with second. In heifers Mr. Norrish once more scored with Capton Royal Sally. The King's Lucy was third. Mr. Dibbles had the honour of winning in a very fine class for young heifers with Lady Escott 4th, the King's Carolina being reserve. There was



WINNING TWO-SHEAR KENT RAM.

also an extremely fine exhibition of Sussex cattle. Lord of Drungewick 5th, belonging to Mr. E. E. Braby, was easily first in the old bull class. In the yearling class, the Hon. R. P. Nevill won easily with Birling Prince. Earl Winterton was first in the cow class with Sunlight 7th, a very typical and correct Sussex cow, which also took the championship. The Earl of Derby was second with Buttermaid. In the class for two year old heifers Mr. Winch produced both the first and the second, and in yearling heifers Mr. J. Aungier was first, third and commended. There was a small, but good, display of Welsh cattle, the first prize in the bull class going to Messrs. Davies and Howells for Duke of Connaught. In cows or heifers in milk there were only two entries. East Anglian red-poll cattle were present in force. Alake, belonging to the Right Hon. A. E.



RANUNCULUS V, TWO YEAR OLD GUERNEY HEIFER.

Fellowes, was first in the old bull class and received the championship. The Marchioness of Graham was first in the yearling class with Lionel, by Rendlesham Wonder, Mr. A. J. Smith's Rendlesham Petrol being second. In cows calved before 1904 Sir W. Corbett was first with Waxlight 2nd, and the female championship was won by a yearling heifer belonging to Sir R. Cooper, Ashlyns Maid. In Aberdeen-Angus, too, there was a very fine display, Mr. Bainbridge coming out first in the old bull class, and Mr. Findlay winning in the two year old class. Mr. Cridlan's Everwise, by Wizard of Maisemoor, was second. In cows Mr. J. Ernest Kerr was first, and in two year old heifers Mr. Findlay won with Prize. There was a large entry of yearling heifers, Mr. Bolden producing the best in the same animal that won at the Bath and West. In Highland cattle there was an extraordinarily good display. In old bulls Mr. Bullough won with Albanach. Mr. Bullough also won the male championship. The Jerseys were not quite so numerous as usual. The class for aged bulls was headed by Mr. Cobb's Glorious Lad, with Lord Rothschild's Oxford Wrangler second. Sir E. Stern was first in the yearling class for bulls with Silken Fop, and Mr. Pocock was second. Mr. Miller-Hallett won in the cow class with Lady Viola, and Lord Rosebery was second, with Lord Rothschild third. The last-mentioned owner was first with Palm Sunday in the two year old class, and scored in



FIRST DEVON BULL: POUND PINK UN.



the yearling heifer class with the beautiful heifer Frolic. The Guernseys showed up very well. Mr. Fitzwalter Plumtre won in the aged bull class with Roland of Seaview, and Mr. F. Hargreaves was first in the class for yearling bulls. Mr. E. A. Hambro had the distinction of winning first and third for cows or heifers in milk with Fi Fi and Express.

It would appear that the longhorn breed is returning to favour, as the classes were very well filled. So were those of the Kerrys and Dexters. The sheep made a very good display indeed, and amply sustained the reputation which the Royal Agricultural Society has for bringing out the best in England.

## SHOOTING.

### HABITS OF WILDFOWL ON INLAND WATERS.

THE presence of large numbers of wildfowl on our inland lakes, rivers and marshes, where, with the exception of such of these as have become unsuitable through drainage, they continue to flourish in annually-increasing numbers, is to be attributed largely to the modern system of game-preservation, and to the fact that these preserves act as sanctuaries where the public is not admitted.

Between shore-shooting and inland wildfowling there are many differences, and not least of these is the effect of disturbance in each case. Fair shooting will never drive wildfowl from any given locality on the coast-line, for they can always, weather permitting, resort to the open sea. Inland waters, however, must be shot with great caution to avoid scaring the fowl unduly. Early in the season the duck are scattered throughout the marshes, and may be shot without the least fear of driving them from the locality. When September comes in the survivors, warned by the fate of their comrades and led by the old birds, whose cunning has hitherto saved their skins, choose some wide stretch of open water—loch, lake or tarn—where they feel secure from intruders. Gradually the surrounding marshes yield smaller bags, until eventually a shot at duck can only be obtained at flight-time or during a storm. If the fowl were disturbed frequently on these sanctuaries they would readily desert the district, and the effect of punt-gunning or any similar measure would be disastrous, except on a limited number of our largest inland lakes. Among the wildfowl which are commonly met with on and in the neighbourhood of inland waters there are four distinct movements, all of which are of extreme interest to the student of migration. These movements are remarkable for the regularity with which they occur year by year, irrespective of weather conditions—favourable or otherwise. On several occasions the writer has noted the arrival of large flocks of waders in Highland marshes during a severe snowstorm at the usual period, viz., during the first fortnight of March, although the storm was by no means confined to that particular district. The feeding-grounds being still in the grip of ice, the majority of these were compelled to return to the coast. I am of the opinion that this journey is accomplished by plovers, snipe and duck during a single night, not, as some have conjectured, by short and easy stages.

The four movements to which I have referred are, then, briefly, as follows: The arrival of waders, snipe, teal and mallard in the month of March, followed by the departure of such migratory ducks, widgeon, golden eye, pintail, etc., as may have wintered in the locality. After the third week of April few of these wanderers will be seen, and the inland marshes are now alive with the cries of countless birds, which are, strictly speaking, resident, and which have every intention of remaining for breeding purposes. From the middle of July to the middle of September the third movement takes place, earlier or later, according to the strength of the young birds on the wing. This is the departure of the majority of the waders, the plovers and oyster-catchers, curlews and redshanks. It is noticeable that, although a few of each species remain inland till the commencement of winter, the bulk of the waders leave their nesting quarters while food is still plentiful, being in no sense driven away by a shortage of supplies. The full snipe, on the other hand, although they return in early spring with the waders, remain until frost compels them to seek a milder climate, the numbers of the home-bred birds being reinforced from time to time by flights from abroad. Jack snipe follow the rules of the migratory fowl, leaving us in spring and returning with the Northern fowl in autumn. April 28th is the latest date on which I have personally seen a jack snipe in Scotland. The fourth movement is perhaps the most interesting of all, namely, the arrival of the migratory fowl. Although shore-shooters and punt-gunners derive most benefit from their appearance, those who have access to inland marshes may also reap a rich harvest of observation and sport. Until frost seals these, the mere fact that the inland waters are in the hands of private individuals ensures comparative quiet and freedom from disturbance. On many of the Scottish lakes and rivers widgeon are plentiful throughout the winter in open weather, and, as a rule, these duck, with the pink-footed geese, are the first of the migratory fowl to put in their appearance. In November large numbers of tufted duck arrive, and this species, as a rule, evinces

a marked preference for running waters and the slower reaches of the main rivers.

Among the surface-feeding ducks found inland, the mallard is naturally the most plentiful, and, so far as my own experience is concerned, this species alone remains inland in large numbers during severe weather. In the marshes adjoining the Spey in lower Badenoch, for example, all other species are conspicuous by their absence in hard weather, but large numbers of mallard invariably remain throughout the winter. During a prolonged frost they gather on the surface of the frozen lochs and on open spaces in the rivers. Teal, on the contrary, migrate with slight provocation, and return in spring in company with the waders. Pintail and shoveller, both of which are surface feeders, are decidedly scarce in the Highlands, though specimens of each species are seen at intervals in most inland resorts of wildfowl. Tufted duck, as already stated, are tolerably plentiful, and pochard, though locally distributed, can fairly claim to rank as a resident species, being very partial to fresh-water lakes. Golden eye are also frequently met with on inland waters, but no authentic instance of this handsome species remaining to nest is on record. In the inland marshes of the Highlands a few pairs of widgeon and tufted duck remain to breed, and much confusion is sometimes caused by the appearance of young birds of the former species long before any real migration begins. The writer has shot young immature widgeon early in August on various occasions, and has noted both young and old birds in the Badenoch marshes throughout the course of the summer months. Most of our inland resorts of wildfowl contain at least one loch of considerable size, which is the sanctuary or headquarters where the surface-feeding ducks rest during the day, and after the surrounding marshes have been shot a few times the majority of the fowl spend the greater portion of their time on the open water, flying far and wide at dusk to the feeding-grounds. In the autumn the cornfields and stubbles are their destination; and throughout the winter they obtain a varied diet in the flooded meadows adjoining the rivers and streams. In spring both mallard and teal find their way in large numbers to the moorlands, where the nest is placed close to some hill burn in a tuft of heather, rushes or grass. Down these burns the brood are led by the parent birds as soon as they are able to leave the moor. To rest by day and to feed by night is the invariable custom of the surface-feeding ducks. With the diving ducks the opposite is the case; the tufted, golden eye and pochard species may be seen searching the bottoms of the rivers and streams at all hours of the day, and shortly after daybreak they may be noticed arriving at their favourite shallows, where, as they are well aware, food can be easily procured. The diving ducks are, generally speaking, more confiding, and easier to approach than either mallard or widgeon. A shot fired at a bunch sitting on the water generally leads to the total disappearance of the whole party, and the novice is frequently under the impression that he has winged them all. One by one they will emerge from the water, sometimes at a considerable distance from the spot where the shot was fired, for the three species mentioned above can remain under water for an almost incredible period. If suspicious of danger they swim deep, showing only the head and neck. Their method of settling and of rising from water is peculiar, and they appear to make use of their feet both to decrease the momentum of their flight in the first instance and to enable them to clear the water in the second, flying low and rising gradually, unlike mallard and teal. They are equipped by Nature with thick down and a short but very close covering of feathers, intended probably to assist them in remaining under water for long intervals, and thus it is that they seem to "carry more shot" than the surface-feeding ducks. Their wings are short, but their flight at times is extremely rapid. Under water these act as fins, and they skim along the bottom in search of food. A writer in a contemporary has recently drawn attention to the fact that golden eye ducks devour salmon spawn wholesale, working in the beds with feet and bill. This I can well believe to be the case, and it is probable that tufted duck, being similar in their habits, are likewise malefactors in this respect.

In wildfowling on inland waters the evening flight provides the cream of the sport, and, the feeding-grounds having been ascertained, the lines followed by the fowl can be hit off with accuracy. In hard frost and snow such ditches and springs as

remain open will each attract duck in greater or less numbers, and, clad in white from head to foot, the gunner, provided that he can remain motionless until the moment for firing the shot arrives, may defy detection by the most lynx-eyed mallard drake. Bags of wildfowl made inland are seldom published, being overshadowed by records of hand-reared mallard artificially brought to the gun. The latter sport, in its own way, is excellent; but one old drake, born and bred near some lone moorland tarn, is, in the writer's opinion, worth a dozen half-tame birds reared by hand. As an example of the sport which Highland marshes afford, I may mention that one, scarcely two miles in length by half a mile in breadth, has yielded to the writer's gun more than 260 duck of different species, including pintail, widgeon, golden eye, tufted duck, shoveller and pochard, during the course of a single season. About 300 head of snipe and other wildfowl were also obtained.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

#### DEPENDENCE OF PARTRIDGES ON ARABLE LAND.

AN instance, which may be identified by some of our readers—but we will leave it to them to put the dots on the “i’s”—has been recalled to our remembrance in illustration of the absolute dependence of partridges—that is to say, if their stock is to be in any large numbers—on arable land. The case was of a property, in one of the finest shooting counties, which was bought by a rich man with the purpose of turning it into a game-farm, or, rather, a big shooting estate. To accomplish this end he took all the farms into his own hands, ceased to work the fields, and left the game to “increase.” Within a few years the whole was more or less overgrown with weeds, and had fallen quite out of cultivation, except for some wild or self-sown oats. The pheasant-shooting kept up to its previous mark, which depended, of

course, chiefly on the numbers of these birds which were hand-reared and turned out into the coverts. The partridges, on the other hand, as was only natural and inevitable, dwindled away until they were only in the proportion of about 25 per cent., or less than that, to the birds on the estates all round, where the farms were being worked in the normal way. The object-lesson was so convincing that it forced its way even into the reluctant mind of the rich man who had made this experiment, expecting such a very different result. That property is now farmed in the ordinary manner, and has again its normal partridge stock. Doubtless it was an object-lesson in what ought to have been already obvious; but, for all that, it may be worth noting.

#### INCREASE OF PARTRIDGES.

It is, of course, a lesson which is being enforced in every county, in a less deliberate way, where land is going out of the arable into the pastoral condition, and again where the change is the other way (though the latter is a direction of change which is not frequent in modern England). Wherever the grass is gaining on the arable the partridge stock relatively diminishes, and where the arable gains on the grass it is relatively increasing. Apart from that, there is, of course, the general tendency of the stock to increase on account of other causes, such as the better care and knowledge brought to bear on it, the extending fashion of driving the birds, which breaks up coveys, causing a more liberal change of blood, and perhaps kills off a larger proportion of the old birds, the importation of Hungarians, the closer killing down of vermin and so forth; in every direction the stock is increasing. Greatest attention has been given to its increase in the direction of Hampshire, Dorsetshire and Wiltshire; but we have lately had occasion to point out what a big increase there has been in Kent, also, within recent years. Therefore, in any comparison made between the stocks of past and present years in any one locality, this general tendency to increase has to be taken into the account, and the more local tendencies reckoned in conjunction with it.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

## ON THE GREEN.

#### THE FRENCH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

AS a patriotic Briton one was bound to feel a certain soreness at the victory of the Frenchman in our championship, though personally, as a friend, I was very pleased at Massey's win. But it seemed in the first instance as if the fact, not so much of his being a Frenchman, but of his residence abroad, would take from the further effects of the result much of the interest which they ought to have. For it is quite certain that we were getting just a little tired of seeing Braid, Taylor and Vardon, with, perhaps, an occasional infusion of Herd, playing away at each other. We know their styles so well, and their relative merits. And yet there did not seem to be anybody else to see—no one else really worth seeing in comparison. Therefore when we discovered a new champion, and a champion, as it seemed, well able to hold his own with these great men whom we had seen almost a little too often, then it began to appear a little hard on us that this new light (I speak on behalf of those who were not so familiar, before the championship, as I



LOUIS TELLIER DRIVING.

was with Massey's game) should be resident in a foreign land, so that we should have but little opportunity of ever seeing him doing battle with any of these others. However, the news that Braid and Vardon had arranged to go over to the French championship, held on Massey's own green, La Boulie, at Versailles, and that Taylor was trying to break off another engagement in order to be there also, aroused all the interest that could be wished, and seemed to show that the Frenchman, close to Paris, was not so far to seek, after all, that the meetings of these great players might be looked forward to, though the champion is resident abroad, and also that the British professionals were keenly stung by his victory, had no intention to lie down quietly under it, but were eager to be up and at him, even in his own stronghold.

It is a very good stronghold of its kind, an inland green, of course; but then Braid, Vardon and Taylor are all at home on inland greens, though all learned the game beside the sea. So, except for local knowledge, Massey had no pull over them. The course is quite a long one—nearly 6,300 yds. by official measurement—



FRENCH CADDIES.





JEAN GASSIAT.

over undulating country, here and there made interesting by such half-natural hazards as hedges, roads, an orchard, trees and so on, and elsewhere depending for its interest on made bunkers and fringes of long grass.

The play was over seventy-two holes, by score, reproducing the conditions of an open championship, but without the qualifying rounds, which were not necessary with the comparatively small field. But though it was small, it was highly select, and it may be said roundly that not a player who had a chance of winning in such a competition was absent—unless, indeed, there are somewhere unknown lights that we have not yet seen shine—except Taylor, who presumably could not get out of the bunker of his previous engagement. As regards the weather, it was not of the tempestuous quality which disgraced our own championship, but the rain was frequent and heavy, and made the going heavy also. The first round gave no augury that the champion was likely to repeat the success which he scored at Hoylake. His 77 was beaten by no less than six strokes by Duncan's 71, which was the lowest round recorded, though Reid, now at Banstead Downs, who, I think, learned his golf at La Boulie, equalled this in the afternoon. Braid had a 74, Harry Vardon a 75, Tom, his brother, 76, and A. Gassiat, from Baden-Baden, was equal at 77 with Massey. To the patriotic British eye all at this point in the business looked healthy. The next round put a different complexion on the whole affair. Massey, whose golf had not been all that it should be in his morning's work, played almost without blemish in the afternoon, and was round in 72. Braid took 75, steady work enough, but still only placing him equal with Massey.

So here were these two equal first, and all the work of beating Massey (on his own ground) had to be begun over again, on the Sunday, and there was only one man (a good one, it is true), Braid, who would start on equal terms with him. Reid came close after these two, only a stroke away; and at a stroke more came Harry Vardon; again, at another stroke's interval, Duncan; then Tom Vardon with yet another Frenchman (Gassiat, from Baden-Baden) equal at a stroke more than Duncan. It is to be supposed that his right name is Gassiat—it is so given in all the papers. There used to be a paper called Grassiet, but probably that is another story. In the third round, that is to say, the first on the Sunday, that terrible Massey did a 74, and the ground was heavier still with the previous rain, so this, no doubt, was good enough. It appears to have been the best of the morning scores, and was two strokes better than Braid's; therefore Massey was now two strokes to the good on the whole affair. Braid was still his nearest rival. But on the Sunday morning Gassiat had a 75, having, so far, improved a stroke each round that he played; but nevertheless Braid looked

fairly certain for second place, even if he could not overhaul Massey for first. Only a brilliant effort could do it, for in the afternoon Massey played with great steadiness and had a 75. Braid took a stroke more, and so he finished three behind Massey, at 301 to the leader's 298. A brilliant effort was made, however, in the afternoon; but it was by the Frenchman Gassiat, who, holing out a fine putt at the finish, got round in 72, and so put himself just a stroke ahead of Braid and gained second place, two behind Massey. No one must say again that the Latin race cannot fight to a hard finish. But this is the sort of thing that really does set a stiff strain on the *entente cordiale*. The British division goes over in force to try to show Massey that he ought not to have won the championship in Great Britain; instead of which, not only does Massey beat them all again and so confirms, on appeal, the previous verdict of the Hoylake court, but actually another Frenchman, whom nobody had even suspected before of being capable of such an outrage, comes in ahead of all the Britons,

so that Frenchmen hold both first and second places! These are the cold douches down the back of the British national pride which ought to act as a very useful tonic and make us "buck up." The final score list is a curious one, for after the two Frenchmen, first and second at 298 and 300 respectively, and Braid third at a stroke more, there comes a gap of seven strokes, and at 308 Harry Vardon, Duncan, Ray and Reid are all equal, and then there is another gap of three strokes before some more scores are recorded.

So we cannot say that the French championship has in any way mended the wounds inflicted in the British. On the contrary, it has made them gape much wider, and another thing that it has done is to strengthen the conviction that Massey is now at least the equal of any of the triumvirate that has seemed so long to be invincible, nay, perhaps is a little better than any of them. But



THE PARK.

it is a great pity that Taylor was not there. Massey, it is satisfactory to hear, is to play in the Scottish section of the Professional Golfers' Association's competition shortly. The outlook is interesting.

#### AMERICAN CHAMPIONS AT ST. ANDREWS AND HOYLAK.

WITH the Frenchman first, and the Scots relatively nowhere, in the open championship of Scotland's Royal and Ancient game, the list reads queerly enough; but we have at least something to be grateful for this year, that neither in the open championship nor in the amateur did the American invasion seem to threaten us with any serious danger. The amateur champion of the States, Mr. E. M. Byers, was competing in our amateur championship, and although there were also others of his nationality, there is not much doubt that he was their strongest representative; yet neither in the actual contest nor in

previous practice did he succeed in giving the impression that he was really to be feared. It is said by those who know his play far better than I do that the course did not favour him, being too long and severe for his game, of which the great point is its accuracy and correctness rather than its power, and certainly the St. Andrews course as arranged for that championship, with tees all stretched back, was long, severe and a hard test of power, as well as of accuracy. What made the course yet more trying than it would have been normally was the fact that during most of the competition it was heavy with the falling of recent rain and with the result of previous rain, in the form of rather a long growth of grass, considering the season, and also that strong winds prevailed nearly all the time. The like conditions were present again for the open championship at Hoylake—indeed, we have not been without them all the spring and summer, so far as the latter has gone—and it is probable that these were influences adverse to the success of Alec Smith, the open champion of the United States, of whom some expected great things, though he failed to make any mark whatever.

#### THE SILK PNEUMATIC BALL.

There was rather a special interest attaching to Alec Smith's play, because he was using rather a special kind of ball, a ball, at least, which no one ever seems to use in this country—a silk pneumatic. Smith has done very well with it in the States: it is with that ball that he won the American championship and performed other famous feats; but it seems to have failed him at Hoylake. One of the papers said that he found the course too heavy for the ball. I can well believe it was so, though Hoylake does not err on the heavy side as a rule; this year, however, was an exception to most rules. There must be good points about the ball. When it first came over here Mr. Hilton praised it highly, but I do not see him playing with it. I gave it a good trial, but it seemed to me too dull and lifeless. I could not make it fly. But, of course, this dull quality is just what is wanted in the short game and putting, and I can quite believe that if the ground was very hard and keen, so that a ball of this kind might pick up in its run some of the distance which it had lost in flight as compared with a good rubber-cored ball, it might give very good results. I believe, however, that it would require hard and keen ground to compensate sufficiently for the loss of distance in the air, and this is exactly what the poor success of the American champion at Hoylake seems to confirm.

#### THE "SIMPLEX" CLUBS.

Another "notion," though not an American one, of which I was watching with interest to see the working at Hoylake, was that of the Simplex clubs—the wedge-headed clubs invented by Mr. Brewster and exploited with really great effect sometimes by Kitching. But there was no record of any marked success scored by these clubs in the championship. Again, for them, I think, the conditions were adverse. However good the clubs are in themselves—and I believe them to be very good—it is certain that to all those who used them in this championship they must be rather in the nature of novelties as compared with clubs of the old familiar shape to which we are all accustomed. A thing that is new to the hand like this may be very effective in the pleasant weather, when there are no specially disturbing influences at work; but that is by no means a good description of the conditions under which the open championship was played. There was a severe gale during a great part of the play, and in such circumstances one has to be grateful to hit the ball properly at all, and the most familiar weapon is the best for the purpose. That, I take it, is the chief reason why these clubs did not score better. In themselves they are by no means indifferent weapons for driving with against the wind. On Ashdown Forest I saw Kitching make two of the longest drives in the wind's eye that I ever did see, and probably it is against the wind that they are really at their best. But the hand needs to be very well used to them when the stress of a high wind is combined with the strain of a great occasion like the championship, and no one has played with the Simplex clubs long enough as yet to acquire that familiarity.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### CHAMPIONSHIP GOVERNMENT.

THERE is a point to which attention is being more and more directed in connection with the open and amateur championships which is all the better for being ventilated now and again. It has reference to the government of the two championships that are played annually amid increasing signs of a wider and keener interest, even among those who do not play the game themselves and are not in the least familiar with the working of golfing institutions. These two championships have, indeed, become national events. The days when they were the theme of a small province, either in Scotland or in England, have long since

passed away. The details of the play in both events are followed with almost the same amount of keenness among the English-speaking people abroad as they are with us at home; and some share of the telegraphic burden is borne by messages to India, America and our Colonies, where golfers are just as wishful to learn the features of the winner's play and scores as they are to be told the result of a great and memorable horse-race or any other contest of equal importance. Now that a young Frenchman has won the open championship from all the brilliant competitors of Great Britain, it is quite easy to see that the sluggish or indifferent interest of European countries has been awakened in watching the event to an extent never hitherto seen or suspected. And with this widening interest there follows the inevitable growth in the increase of competitors, which is a subject that is causing serious searchings of the mind to those clubs which have undertaken the government of the two important competitions in devising methods either to control the entry list satisfactorily, or to confine it within reasonably workable limits. But is it not apparent, argue many golfers, that the old method of working the championships is failing to keep pace with the growing public interest in them, and the natural desire of young players who are coming to the front almost every day to win them if they can? It is held, with some good show of reason, that a system of government that was adequate for an entry of twenty or thirty professionals is neither comprehensive nor flexible enough to cope with a couple of hundred professionals. The writer has a photograph before him which contains the bulk of the professionals that were in active play in the sixties. They are barely a good dozen all told, and they were all confined to St. Andrews, Montrose, Perth and Musselburgh. With the exception of old Tom Morris they have all gone to

their long account; but not many more than these constituted the strength of the professional entry in the open championship in those early years of its institution. Since those years clubs have multiplied by the thousand, especially in England, and nearly every club of any standing aspires to keep its own professional and to send him annually as an entrant for the competition. But the government of the championships still remains the same. The huge and unwieldy body of golf is still fitted



MASSEY USING A CLEEK FROM THE TEE (HOYLAKES).

to its Procrustean bed of thirty years ago, with the inevitable result that there is an outcry of discomfort at the process of attempting to exercise rigid compression.

The government of the championships at present is confined to twenty-four clubs for the amateur and five for the open. Of the twenty-four clubs sixteen are in Scotland, and the majority of them do so little for the encouragement of professional golf, at least, that they have no professional of their own. They all bear the character of what is known as "subscribing" clubs; but the five clubs over whose courses both championships are played constitute what may be described as "the Cabinet" of the government. Now it is obvious that twenty-four "subscribing" clubs out of a total of upwards of 3,000 in this country and the Colonies are imposing upon themselves a wholly gratuitous and unnecessary financial tax by maintaining the championships at their own expense. It is too narrow a basis upon which to seek to establish them either with satisfaction to themselves or to the permanent interests of the game. Has the time not more than become ripe for the display of a more generous policy towards all the other golf clubs in the United Kingdom? One result of asking all the other clubs to "subscribe" to both championships would be to lessen the financial tax at present voluntarily borne by the twenty-four clubs in the amateur and the five in the open championship. But the widening of the basis of the golfing constituency in both championships would necessarily carry with it a leavening of the principle of oligarchical government; and a couple of thousand of "subscribing" clubs would necessarily ask to have a voice in the choice of the government that is to rule these important competitions of the year, as well as other essential features of the game. That is a contingency that will have to be faced boldly one of these days soon, and no cause will in the end



be bettered by attempting fruitlessly to ignore the certain trend of opinion among golfers all over the country. The restricted representation of golf is at present having this evil tendency. It is leading to the creation of a large number of sectional movements that would never arise were there any effort made soon towards consolidation of effort and policy. County associations are springing up with lusty growth all over England, simply because large numbers of enterprising golfers refuse to rest content with their apparent permanent exclusion from a share in the government of the game. Ireland has three championship meetings annually, Wales has amateur and professional championships, Scotland has an amateur championship cup and a professional championship apart from the principal fixtures, Fife has a championship, and there is a Scottish team championship. Yorkshire has a championship, the Braid Hills golfers have an

annual tournament for a valuable cup, the Manchester players have several similar tournaments for important trophies and, lastly, the Professional Golfers' Association have an important annual tournament for £240 given by the proprietors of the *News of the World*—an event which excites as much keenness among the professionals as the open championship itself. Greater cohesion and a wider representation in the government of the championships, therefore, would probably produce these two results. They would minimise the growing tendency among golfers to split into territorial sections, in the first place, and, in the next place, a notable increase in the number of "subscribing" clubs would enable the money prizes for the professionals at the open championship to reach a sum more proportionate to the numbers of those who play the game and to the personal sacrifices of the players who compete. A. J. ROBERTSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CODLIN MOTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you an extract from a book called "The New Earth," by W. S. Harwood (Macmillan Company, London and New York), which book is a recital of triumphs of modern agriculture and horticulture. My only interest in the matter is to bring before those who have orchards what others are doing to combat insect pests, but with special reference to the codlin moth, which, as this book explains, causes 20,000,000,000 damage every year in the States. What the damage may be in England may not be known, but it may be put down as enormous. Your journal, I should think, will go directly into the hands of those most interested—the landowners; and if they cannot be brought to act in this matter broadly and generously, then we shall continue to import our good apples in greater quantities year by year. An isolated fight by spraying can accomplish but little. Who will introduce these flies into England? The extract is from page 93 *et seq.* in the work quoted:

"A skilled man is employed by the California Horticultural Commission, jointly in service with the West Australia authorities, seeking for foes of insect pests. He found one day a place in the interior of Spain where the apples were not disturbed to any appreciable extent by the worm which has done such enormous damage to the apple crop in Europe and the States. This worm is the product of the codlin moth. The worm was found in the Spanish orchards in small numbers, and this led the investigator to inquire why this was. . . . He found in the orchards a small fly, considerably larger than a house fly, very slender and wasp-like in shape. . . . It had also a long sheath in which it carried a slender powerful stiletto. Investigation showed it was this fly which kept the true balance of nature in the Spanish orchards. It was its particular mission to kill the codlin moth worm. . . . The stiletto is so powerful that it can be driven down into the bark when the worm is under the surface, the fly unerringly locating the worm. It finds the worm—kills it, then lays a few of its many eggs upon the worm's body. Curiously enough, the natural warmth in the body of the worm is sufficient to hatch out the eggs, the hatching requiring but two hours' time. The worm thus serves as the hotel, so to speak, for the young flies. They live on and in it until they are ready to take up their life work. When they are 42 or 43 days old, they are ready to begin their actual work of destruction. As each female lays several hundred eggs, the rate of progression, where there is ample material on which to feed, is very great. . . . Colonies of these flies were distributed in California. . . . Appreciable results showed in the season of 1905. . . . Indications at once pointed to a condition of affairs approaching similar to that in Spain, the flies so rapidly destroying the worms that it must be a matter of a comparatively short time before the whole State will be patrolled by these tiny protectors guarding the orchards. The extension of the plan to other infected regions will apparently eradicate this dreaded foe of the American apple orchards." —E. P. HOYLE.

### THE ETON v. HARROW MATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Permit me to answer "Old Etonian's" letter in your last week's number. As to its taste I say nothing beyond suggesting that the writer has apparently left Eton long enough to have forgotten the manners once supposed to be taught there. If in comparing Eton to the Gentlemen and Harrow to the Players "Old Etonian" meant to imply social inferiority, I imagine his letter carries the refutation on the face of it. But if, on the other hand, the implication is that Harrow as the Players know more about the game of cricket and play it better than Eton as the Gentlemen, I should be inclined to agree with him; in proof of which I refer "Old Etonian" to the record of the matches between the two schools and the superior position of Harrow therein.—OLD HARROVIAN.

### INSTANCE OF A DOG'S "HOMING" INSTINCT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day a dog was sent by carriage to Brandon Station, in Norfolk, en route for London, from Buckenham Hall, Mr. Underdown's. At Ely it slipped its collar as the guard took it out to give it water; the time was after dark on a winter's evening, and the dog dashed away and could not be found. At 6.30 on the following morning one of the stablemen at Buckenham heard a dog whining and howling under the window. It was the same dog returned. The distance from Ely to Buckenham is computed at seventeen miles. The dog is a female spaniel, and it is virtually certain that its local knowledge of the country about Buckenham on the side towards Ely was limited to a mile from the former. This would leave it an unknown tract of sixteen miles to travel through the dark in a single night. By what sense was it guided? The dog, on arrival, was wet and tired, and slept for

some twelve hours on end, indicating that it had undergone great fatigue and probably had been running all night. The country is intersected with many ditches, which would account for the dog's wet and muddy state on return. It has been conjectured that it might have gone back along the railway line for a great part of the way, but as Brandon, the nearest station, is some six miles from Buckenham, the wet state of the dog was hardly in accord with the theory that it had followed the railway line to Brandon and then kept the high road from that place to Buckenham.—H.

### A TOMTIT'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send a photograph of a tomtit's nest, built on the ground, under an inverted flower-pot covering a seakale plant. The old birds gained access through the hole in the top. The eggs were always covered up with a layer of hair and feathers an inch deep when the bird was off, the top of the nest being left quite flat. Is this a usual habit with the great tit? It seemed impossible for the young birds to make their first flight through a small hole directly above them. Last Sunday, on lifting the pot, they promptly flew straight up to a height of 10ft. or 12ft. on trees above them. They were then perfect in feather. Would they have escaped unaided? The snap-shot shows the last to leave.—LEONORA HAYWARD.

[We are sorry that the photograph, though interesting, would not reproduce sufficiently well to be used.—ED.]

### THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When Professor Newton, the doyen of British ornithologists, remarked anent the subject of bird migration, that "our ignorance is immense," he stated an undoubted fact. But the British Ornithologists' Club have taken steps towards breaking down the mystery which surrounds these strange periodic movements of our bird population. The club has just issued its second annual report on the work of the army of observers which has been enlisted for the purpose of attacking this great problem. From this we gather that the season in 1906 was noticeable for the prolonged period over which the arrival of many species was spread. During the early part of April but few species were recorded, and in small numbers; but this condition of affairs was altered on the 18th of that month, when an immense immigration of birds of all kinds commenced. From that date till the end of the first week of May immigrants poured into these islands; but in the case of many species one race followed another so closely that they practically arrived in a continuous stream for a week, ten days, or even longer. Hampshire appears to have been the county most favoured as a point of arrival; but it should be remembered that this county receives stragglers from flocks arriving both in Devonshire and in Sussex, and thus it is to be regarded as one of the principal landing-places along the South Coast. Devonshire, Dorset and Sussex come next, and lastly Kent. Birds actually arriving on the East Coast seem to have been few. The West of England was, in many cases, populated before the East and South-East. This was especially well shown in the case of the yellow wagtail, a bird which arrived on the South-East corner; but, nevertheless, nests were recorded from the West before the main body had settled in Kent. A well-defined route, followed by various streams of immigrants, passes, this report points out, due north from Devon, through Wales and the Western Counties to Scotland. A large number of species figure in this report, and the movements of each are traced in a series of maps, one for each species, which should prove of the highest value when, after a number of years, a series of such maps can be compared together. In all cases the state of the weather and direction of the wind are carefully noted, for these are, of course, important factors in an investigation of this kind. The committee who are responsible for this report and the supervision of the work of the host of observers scattered over the country deserve the best thanks of all those who are interested in bird-life.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

### A CUCKOO'S INTRUSION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following incident may, perhaps, be of interest to some of your readers. In my greenhouse there is a pane of glass removed (filled in winter-time by a stove-pipe), and last year and this a robin has used this for entering the greenhouse, and built her nest behind a big geranium. Last Sunday morning, on returning from church, my wife heard a loud fluttering in the greenhouse, and discovered a cuckoo, who had entered by the open pane, but had evidently not been able to find her way out again. She caught the intruder and then allowed it to fly away, but, on looking into the robin's nest, we found in it a cuckoo's egg which was not there in the early morning, and we suppose that the cuckoo had seen the robin entering the greenhouse,

and, following her in, had made use of the robin's nest for depositing her egg. I shall be glad to hear if any of your readers have known of a similar instance.—H. M. CROSSING.

#### BIRD IDENTIFIED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Could you kindly identify the enclosed warbler, which was found dead in this garden?—GRAHAM BALFOUR, Riverdale, Colwich, Stafford.

[It by no means necessarily follows that a warbler found in a garden is a garden-warbler; but that is what this specimen, plain brown above and greyish below, with no tinge of yellow and no stripe over the eye, happens to be. A description of the differences between the various warblers was given in the "Wild Country Life" of our issue of August 25th, 1906—ED.]

#### WHITE HEN PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a pure white hen pheasant on her nest was taken by me the other day on the Earl of Londesborough's estate near Selby, Yorkshire, and, curiously enough, in the very same covert, Staynor Wood, where last year I photographed the cock pheasant on the nest, which photo-



graph was reproduced in these pages. This bird was hand-reared, and I saw it several times when a chick. It was turned out with its normally-coloured brethren, and, by desire of the shooting tenant, Captain Laycock, was spared throughout the shooting season, though it frequently came over the guns. When she was sitting hard, Mr. Biscombe, the keeper, sent me word, and I just photographed her in the pouring rain, when her plumage was all bedraggled; but, desirous of getting a better one, I went down again on the first fine day and secured this one. So quiet was she that she allowed Biscombe to hold back the grass which covered her head with a long stick while I made a couple of exposures; but, as soon as we had finished, she rose from her eggs and quietly walked off through the grass. The nest was situated in a thick clump of grass at the edge of one of the rides, and Biscombe wired it round so as to keep foxes, etc., off. She has now hatched her eggs, and at present all the chicks are of the ordinary colour. The bird herself was pure white all over; but the feathers at the back of the neck, as can be seen in the photograph, had become dirty through her creeping through the run in the grass to her nest. Her eyes were not pink, but of the ordinary colour.—OXLEY GRABHAM.

#### THE LAST NOBLEMAN'S FOOL.

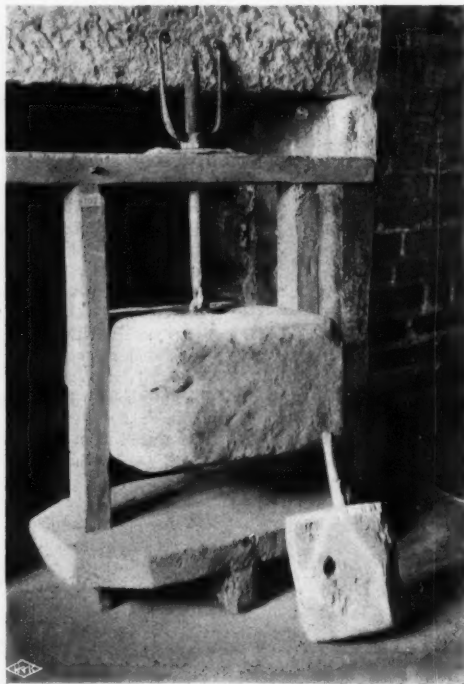
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Berkeley Churchyard, Gloucestershire (which lies adjacent to the magnificent old feudal castle still inhabited, and by the same family of the same name who owned it in the reign of the second Henry), are several tombstones inscribed with curious epitaphs. One such carries us back to the time when kings, noblemen and the great county families employed jesters for the delectation of themselves and their friends. It marks the grave of Dicky Pearce, fool to the sixth Earl of Suffolk. The epitaph, which was composed by the celebrated Dean Swift, chaplain to Charles, Earl of Berkeley, runs as follows:

"Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,  
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;  
His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,  
When wit and mirth were scarce.  
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,  
What signifies to cry?  
Dickys enough are still behind  
To laugh at by and by.

Buried XVIII. June, MDCCXXVIII.  
Aged LXIII. years."

The sixth Earl of Suffolk, who was some time Deputy-Marshal and an upholder of mediæval pomp and chivalry, was the last English nobleman to keep a family fool in Dicky Pearce. But the last-recorded instance of a fool being kept by an English family is John Hilton's fool, of Hilton Castle, Durham, who died in 1746. Originally "poor Dick's" grave was marked by a common headstone; but the latter was so mutilated by relic-hunters that the present altar-tomb was erected instead thereof in 1823. We are told that Dick's last effort to raise a laugh consisted in his fastening a network of ropes around the pinnacles of Berkeley Church to prevent the edifice from flying away! It does not sound very humorous, but, of course, there might have been some passing occurrence or local custom which gave point to the jest.—H. G. ARCHER.



#### AN IRISH COTTAGE INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—When going through the famous Gap of Dunloe, near Killarney, I was told that in one of the cottages close to the Gap, but a little way off the regular tourist route, a spinning, weaving and rug-making industry was carried on. After a few enquiries I discovered the cottage and was invited in by the weaver and his wife, when I told them I wished to see the tweed and rugs. One end of the cottage was occupied by two looms; one

is used for making tweed and the other for rugs. The tweed loom is, they told me, 160 years old and the other almost as old, but both, to my ignorant eyes, looked "fearfully and wonderfully made." They then showed me specimens of the tweed, which was very strong and well made. They got a gold medal for it. I then asked to see the rugs, which are made on one of the looms by the weaver's daughter. She showed me several which were very handsome. On my admiring the golden brown shades in one of them, she told me they dyed the wool before spinning with a lichen which grows on apple and elm trees. It is boiled, and the wool is then steeped in it; by adding more or less water the various shades are obtained.

They have tried to make dyes out of various plants and shrubs, but none of them was of any use except the flowers of the common red luchsia, which grows wild in many parts of Kerry. They make a black dye out of a portion of the bog which is found between two waters; that is, there must be water above and beneath the black part of the bog used. They also use another lichen, which grows on rocks, for making a reddish brown dye.—X.

#### VOYAGES ON SOME SCOTCH RIVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your issue of June 1st that Mr. Bertram Smith claims to be the one man in 1,000 years to have navigated some of the Scotch rivers. This may be so in some cases, but as regards the Tweed it is not correct, for when a member of the York Amateur Rowing Club in 1876 I paddled my own canoe from a mile above Kelso Bridge to the sea. During the voyage I was frequently told it was the first canoe seen on the river.—ALEC. CHRISTISON.

#### HALL P' TH' WOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Adverting to the interesting article on the Hall p' th' Wood, I enclose a photograph of the ancient cheese-press which is now stored within its walls. It is interesting to note that this old press was scheduled in the inventory of Alexander Norris, dated 1672, and that of all the goods included in that inventory, the cheese-press is the only object that has not been removed or destroyed.—HENRY WALKER.

#### PLANTS FOR BANKS OF TROUT STREAMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Would some of your readers kindly tell me the most suitable water plants for growing on the bank of a trout stream, running through a garden that is bordered by a hayfield one side and garden turf the other. The stream is liable to flood its banks two or three times a year.—MAY ARMSTRONG.

[The following are the most useful plants for the margin of streams or lakes: *Acorus Calamus*, *Arundo Donax*, *A. Phragmites* (elegantissima), *\*marsh-marigold* (*Caltha palustris*) and its varieties, *Carex* in variety, *Cyperus Longus*, *Gunnera scabra*, *G. manicata*, *\*sweet flag* (*Iris pseud-acorus*) and its variegated form, *\*loosestrifes* (*Lythrum*), *\*tuckbean* (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), *marsh forget-me-not*, *royal fern* (*Osmunda regalis*), *Onoclea sensibilis*, *Polygonum sachalinense*, *P. Bistorta*, *\*Japanese primrose* (*Primula japonica*), *\*Spiraea Aruncus*, *\*S. gigantea*, *\*S. palmata*, *\*S. Ulmaria* (the meadow-sweet), *\*globe-flowers* (*Trollius*) in variety, *\*Thalictrum flavum*, *\*Japanese irises*, *\*Siberian iris* (*I. siberica*) and varieties, *bulrushes*, the new *\*Senecio Clivorum*, a noble plant, tall and with rich yellow flowers, *\*Bachelor's Buttons* (*Ranunculus aconitifolius* fl.-pl.) and *\*Rodgersia podophylla*. Those marked with an asterisk flower with great freedom, and the others are of more value for their fine foliage.—ED.]